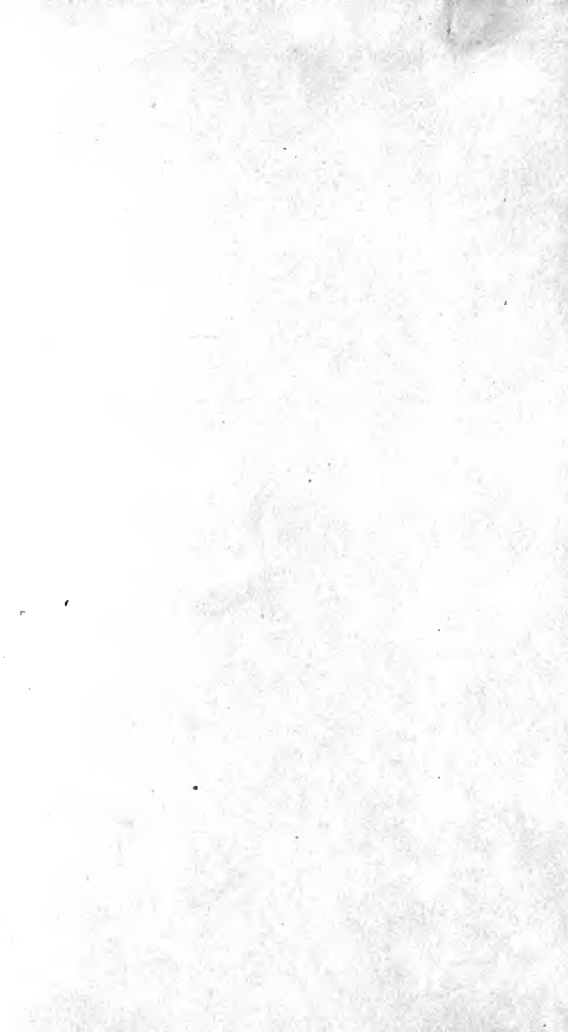




CHILDREN'S BOOK  
COLLECTION

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TO  
THE GUARDIANS  
OF YOUTH,  
THIS VOLUME  
IS  
RESPECTFULLY  
DEDICATED  
BY THE  
PUBLISHERS.



# FLOWERS OF FABLE;

CULLED FROM

EPICTETUS, CROXALL, DODSLEY, GAY, COWPER, POPE  
MOORE, MERRICK, DENIS, AND TAPNER;

WITH

ORIGINAL TRANSLATIONS

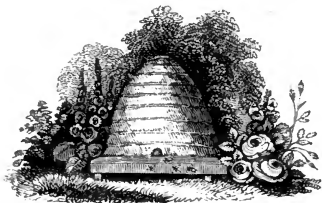
FROM

LA FONTAINE, KRASICKI, HERDER, GELLERT, LESSING,  
PIGNOTTI, AND OTHERS:

THE WHOLE SELECTED FOR

THE INSTRUCTION OF YOUTH,

AND PRUNED OF ALL OBJECTIONABLE MATTER.



EMBELLISHED WITH

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD.

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THE present is an attempt to place in the hands of youth such a collection of Fables as shall be auxiliary to the grand purpose of all education,—the improvement of the mind.

All former works of the kind have professed this object; but with what indifferent success, a slight investigation of their contents will sufficiently prove. Independently of the grossness of many Fables, the majority inculcate craft, selfishness, or expediency; qualities which might well, perhaps, be implanted in the juvenile mind, had education no higher object than to furnish the means of getting through the world, with cunning and dexterity; but which must prove totally

inimical to the growth of those correct and elevated principles, which are the best safeguard amid the temptations and vicissitudes of life.

Considering how generally books of Fables have been admitted into schools, it is, indeed, matter of surprise, that those who have been intrusted with the education of youth, could so long have been insensible to their glaring improprieties. It is hardly possible to conceive that they have altogether escaped attention; and that the evil has remained unremedied, can only, perhaps, be accounted for by that indifference, engendered by the merely interested motives which, unhappily, influence too large a portion of the scholastic profession. If such be not the fact, the obtuseness of perception must have been singularly remarkable. The sanction of an eminent name appears, in all cases, to have been sufficient to have consecrated, without impeachment, a host of pernicious maxims, inculcated under the alluring guise of fiction; which, impressed upon the mind of the youth, and acted upon by the man, could not fail to prove highly prejudicial to the best interests of society. Overlooking the particular purposes for which many Fables were originally invented, and that they were, on many occasions, the mere vehicles of political design, it seems to have

been imagined, that every description of Fable was only an amusing medium of conveying instruction to the young ; and the idea of rejection or alteration, on the score of unfitness, appears never to have been contemplated.

In the present Work, care has not only been taken in the selection, but objectionable expressions have been altered, whenever, in other respects, the Fable appeared deserving of a place in the collection. A much greater variety of sources has also been resorted to than in any former work, and nearly the whole of the translations are original.

Another point of difference, which the Editor has aimed at producing, is in the triteness and brevity of the moral attached to each Fable. The dull, lengthy applications of Croxall, and other prosing commentators, are entirely discarded, as entering too much into the worldly policy of maturer years, to be proper for youth ; and as being too tedious to arrest his attention. “ There is no possibility,” says the acute Dodsley, in his Essay on Fable, “ of impressing the moral deeper, by that load, we too often see, of accumulated reflections. Strictly speaking, one should render needless any detached or explicit moral. Æsop, the father of this kind of writing, disclaimed any such assistance.”

Without, however, going so far as the total rejection of all comment, an endeavour has been exerted to inculcate the tendency of the Fable on the juvenile mind, either by a brief prose sentence, or a few poetical lines ; and a practical illustration has, in several cases, been attempted, by the introduction of an engraved tail-piece, which aims at delineating the fact, while the Fable narrates the fiction.





**FLOWERS**  
**OF**  
**FABLE.**







## FABLE I.

### The Shepherd and the Philosopher.

[From GAY.]

REMOTE from cities liv'd a swain,  
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain ;  
His head was silver'd o'er with age,  
And long experience made him sage ;  
In summer's heat, and winter's cold,  
He fed his flock, and penn'd the fold.  
His hours in cheerful labours flew,  
Nor envy, nor ambition knew.  
His wisdom and his honest fame  
Through all the country rais'd his name.

A deep PHILOSOPHER (whose rules  
Of moral life were drawn from schools)  
The SHEPHERD's homely cottage sought,  
And thus explor'd his reach of thought :—

“ Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil  
O'er books consum'd the midnight oil?  
Hast thou old Greece and Rome survey'd,  
And the vast sense of Plato weigh'd?  
Has Socrates thy soul refin'd?  
And hast thou fathom'd Tully's mind?  
Or, like the wise Ulysses thrown,  
By various fates, on realms unknown;  
Hast thou through many cities stray'd,  
Their customs, laws, and manners weigh'd?”

The SHEPHERD modestly replied,  
“ I ne'er the paths of learning tried;  
Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts,  
To read mankind, their laws, and arts;  
For man is practis'd in disguise,  
He cheats the most discerning eyes.  
Who, by that search, shall wiser grow,  
When we ourselves can never know?  
The little knowledge I have gain'd,  
Was all from simple Nature drain'd;  
Hence my life's maxims took their rise,  
Hence grew my settled hate to vice.

The daily labours of the bee  
Awake my soul to industry ;  
Who can observe the careful ant,  
And not provide for future want ?  
My dog (the trustiest of his kind)  
With gratitude inflames my mind ;  
I mark his true, his faithful way,  
And in my service copy Tray.

In constancy and nuptial love,  
I learn my duty from the dove.  
The hen, who, from the chilly air,  
With pious wing protects her care ;  
And every fowl that flies at large,  
Instructs me in a parent's charge.

From Nature, too, I take my rule,  
To shun contempt and ridicule.  
I never, with important air,  
In conversation overbear.  
Can grave and formal pass for wise,  
When men the solemn owl despise ?  
My tongue within my lips I rein ;  
For who talks much must talk in vain.  
We from the wordy torrent fly :  
Who listens to the chatt'ring pye ?  
Nor would I, with felonious sleight,  
By stealth invade my neighbour's right.

Rapacious animals we hate :  
Kites, Hawks, and Wolves deserve their fate.  
Do we not just abhorrence find  
Against the toad and serpent kind ?  
But envy, calumny, and spite,  
Bear stronger venom in their bite ;  
Thus ev'ry object of creation  
Can furnish hints to contemplation ;  
And from the most minute and mean,  
A virtuous mind can morals glean."

"Thy fame is just," the Sage replies ;  
"Thy virtue proves thee truly wise.  
Pride often guides the author's pen,  
Books as affected are as men ;  
But he who studies Nature's laws,  
From certain truth his maxims draws ;  
And those, without our schools, suffice  
To make men moral, good, and wise."

MORAL.

Nature teaches the truest philosophy.

## FABLE II.

## The Diamond and the Loadstone.

[From DODSLEY.]

A DIAMOND, of great beauty and lustre, observing not only many other gems of a lower class ranged together with him in the same cabinet, but a LOADSTONE likewise placed not far from him, began to question the latter how he came there; and what pretensions he had to be ranked among the precious stones: he, who appeared to be no better than a mere flint; a sorry, coarse, rusty-looking pebble; without any the least shining quality to advance him to such an honour; and concluded with desiring him to keep his distance, and pay a proper respect to his superiors.

“I find,” said the LOADSTONE, “you judge by external appearances, and condemn without due examination; but I will not act so ungenerously by you. I am willing to allow you your due praise; you are a pretty bauble; I am mightily delighted to see you glitter and sparkle; I look upon you with pleasure and surprise; but I must be convinced you are of some sort of use before I acknowledge that you have any real merit, or treat you with that respect which you seem to demand. With regard to myself, I confess my deficiency in outward beauty; but I may venture to say, that I make amends by my intrinsic qualities.

The great improvement of navigation is entirely owing to me. By me the distant parts of the world have been made known and are accessible to each other ; the remotest nations are connected together, and all, as it were, united into one common society ; by a mutual intercourse they relieve one another's wants, and all enjoy the several blessings peculiar to each. The world is indebted to me for its wealth, its splendour, and its power ; and the arts and sciences are, in a great measure, obliged to me for their improvements, and their continual increase. All these blessings I am the origin of ; for, by my aid it is that man is enabled to construct that valuable instrument, the MARINER'S COMPASS."

MORAL.

Let dazzling stones in splendour glare ;  
Utility's the gem for wear.



### FABLE III.

## The Butterfly and the Snail.

[From GAY.]

AS in the sunshine of the morn,  
A BUTTERFLY, but newly born,  
Sat proudly perking on a rose,  
With pert conceit his bosom glows;  
His wings, all-glorious to behold,  
Bedropt with azure, jet and gold,  
Wide he displays; the spangled dew  
Reflects his eyes, and various hue.

His now forgotten friend, a SNAIL,  
Beneath his house, with slimy trail,  
Crawls o'er the grass; whom, when he spies,  
In wrath he to the gard'ner cries:

“What means yon peasant's daily toil,  
From choaking weeds to rid the soil?  
Why wake you to the morning's care?  
Why with new arts correct the year?  
Why glows the peach with crimson hue?  
And why the plum's inviting blue?  
Were they to feast his taste design'd,  
That vermin, of voracious kind?  
Crush, then, the slow, the pilf'ring race;  
So purge thy garden from disgrace.”

“What arrogance!” the SNAIL replied;  
“How insolent is upstart pride!

Hadst thou not thus, with insult vain,  
Provok'd my patience to complain,  
I had conceal'd thy meaner birth,  
Nor trac'd thee to the scum of earth;  
For scarce nine suns have wak'd the hours,  
To swell the fruit, and paint the flow'rs,  
Since I thy humbler life survey'd,  
In base, in sordid guise array'd ;  
A hideous insect, vile, unclean,  
You dragg'd a slow and noisome train ;  
And from your spider-bowels drew  
Foul film, and spun the dirty clue.  
I own my humble life, good friend ;  
Snail was I born, and Snail shall end.  
And what's a Butterfly ? At best,  
He's but a Caterpillar, dress'd ;  
And all thy race (a numerous seed)  
Shall prove of Caterpillar breed."

MORAL.

All upstarts, insolent in place,  
Remind us of their vulgar race.



## FABLE IV.

### The Jackdaw and Pigeons.

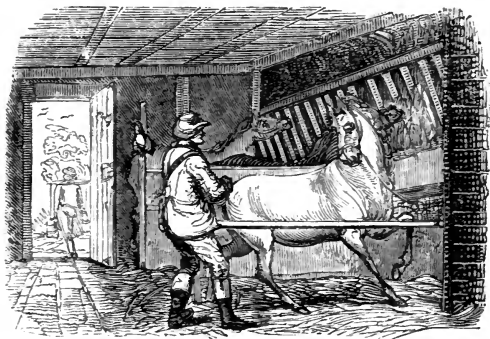
[FROM CROXALL.]

A JACKDAW, observing that the PIGEONS in a certain dove-cote lived well, and wanted for nothing, white-washed his feathers like a dove, and went and lived among them. The PIGEONS, not distinguishing him as long as he kept silent, forbore to give him any disturbance. But at last he forgot his character, and began to chatter; by which the PIGEONS discovering what he was, flew upon him, and drove him back to the Jackdaws again. They not knowing him in his discoloured feathers, drove him away likewise; so that he, who had endeavoured to be more than he had a right to, was not permitted to be anything at all.

#### MORAL.

Impostors are sure to betray themselves.





## FABLE V.

### The Packhorse and Carrier.

[From GAY.]

A CARRIER, every night and morn,  
Would see his horses eat their corn.  
This sunk the hostler's vails, 'tis true ;  
But then his horses had their due.  
Were we so cautious in all cases,  
Small gain would rise from greater places.  
The manger now had all its measure ;  
He heard the grinding teeth with pleasure ;  
When, all at once, confusion rung ;  
They snorted, jostled, bit, and flung.

A PACKHORSE turn'd his head aside,  
Foaming, his eye-balls swell'd with pride.

“ Good gods !” says he, “ how hard's my lot !  
Is, then, my high descent forgot ?  
Reduc'd to drudg'ry and disgrace,  
A life unworthy of my race,  
Must I, too, bear the vile attacks  
Of ragged scrubs, and vulgar hacks ?  
See scurvy Roan, that brute ill-bred,  
Dares from the manger thrust my head !  
Shall I, who boast a noble line,  
On offals of these creatures dine ?  
Kick'd by old Ball ! so mean a foe !  
My honour suffers by the blow.  
Newmarket speaks my grandsire's fame ;  
All jockies still revere his name :  
There, yearly are his triumphs told ;  
There, all his massy plates enroll'd ;  
Whene'er led forth along the plain,  
You saw him with a liv'ry train ;  
Returning, too, with laurels crown'd,  
You heard the drums and trumpets sound :  
Let it then, sir, be understood,  
Respect's my due ; for I have blood.”

“ Vain-glorious fool !” the CARRIER cried ;  
“ Respect was never made for pride.

Know, 'twas thy giddy, wilful heart,  
Reduc'd thee to this slavish part.  
Did not thy headstrong youth disdain  
To learn the conduct of the rein?  
Thus, coxcombs, blind to real merit,  
In vicious frolics fancy spirit.  
What is't to me by whom begot?  
Thou restive, pert, conceited sot!  
Your sires I reverence; 'tis their due:  
But, worthless fool! what's that to you?  
Ask all the Carriers on the road,  
They'll say thy keeping's ill bestow'd.  
Then vaunt no more thy noble race,  
That neither mends thy strength or pace.  
What profits me thy boast of blood?  
An ass hath more intrinsic good.  
By outward shew let's not be cheated;  
An ass should like an ass be treated."

## MORAL.

Merit is superior to birth, and virtue is not hereditary.

## FABLE VI.

### The Frog and the Rat.

[By MOORE.]

ONCE on a time, a foolish FROG,  
Vain, proud, and stupid as a log,  
Tir'd with the marsh, her native home,  
Imprudently abroad would roam,  
And fix her habitation where  
She'd breathe at least a purer air.  
She was resolv'd to change, that's poz ;  
Could she be worse than where she was ?

Away the silly creature leaps.  
A RAT, who saw her lab'ring steps,  
Cried out, " Where in this hurry, pray ?  
You certainly will go astray."

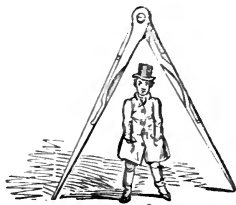
" Ne'er fear, I quit that filthy bog,  
Where I so long have croak'd incog :  
People of talents, sure, should thrive,  
And not be buried thus alive.  
But, pray, for I'm extremely dry,  
Know you of any water nigh ?"

" None," said the RAT, " you'll reach to-day,  
As you so slowly make your way.  
Believe a friend, and take my word,  
This jaunt of yours is quite absurd.

Go to your froggerly again ;  
In your own element remain.”  
No : on the journey she was bent ;  
Her thirst increasing as she went,  
For want of drink she scarce can hop,  
And yet despairing of a drop ;  
Too late she moans her folly past ;  
She faints, she sinks, she breathes her last.

## MORAL.

Vulgar minds will pay full dear,  
When once they move beyond their sphere.



## FABLE VII.

### The Horse and the Ass.

[FROM CROXALL.]

THE HORSE, adorned with his great war-saddle, and champing his foaming bridle, came thundering along the way, and made the mountains echo with his loud shrill neighing. He had not gone far, before he overtook an Ass, who was labouring under a heavy burthen, and moving slowly on in the same track with himself. Immediately he called out to him, in a haughty, imperious tone, and threatened to trample him in the dirt, if he did not make way for him. The poor patient Ass, not daring to dispute the matter, quietly got out of his way, as fast as he could, and let him go by.

Not long after this, the same HORSE, in an engagement with the enemy, happened to be shot in the eye, which made him unfit for show, or any military business; so he was stripped of his fine ornaments, and sold to a carrier.

The Ass, meeting him in this forlorn condition, was too forgiving to insult him in his misfortune; but could not help reflecting, how justly that arrogance was punished, which had so little consideration for the helplessness of others.

MORAL.

Pride will have a fall.

## FABLE VIII.

### Jupiter and the Farmer.

[By DENIS.]

'TIS said, that Jove had once a farm to let,  
And sent down Mercury, his common crier,  
To make the most that he could get ;  
Or sell it to the highest buyer.

To view the premises the people flock'd :  
And, as 'tis usual in such case,  
Began to run them down apace ;  
The soil was poor, the farm ill stock'd :  
In short, a barren, miserable place,  
Scarce worth th' expense to draw a lease.

One bolder, tho' not wiser than the rest,  
Offer'd to pay in so much rent,  
Provided he had Jove's consent  
To guide the weather just as he thought best,  
Or wet, or dry ; or cold, or hot ;  
Whate'er he ask'd should be his lot ;

To all which Jove gave a consenting nod.  
The seasons now obsequious stand,  
Quick to obey their lord's command,  
And now the FARMER undertakes the god ;  
Now calls for sunshine, now for rains,  
Dispels the clouds, the wind restrains ;



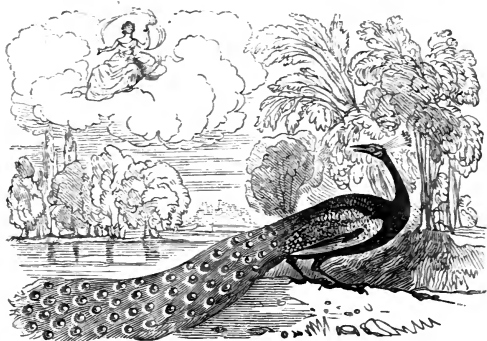
But still confin'd within his farm alone,  
He makes a climate all his own ;  
For when he sheds, or when he pours,  
Refreshing dews, or soaking show'rs,  
His neighbours never share a drop ;  
So much the better for their crop ;  
Each glebe a plenteous harvest yields ;  
Whilst our director spoils his fields.

Next year, he tries a diff'rent way ;  
New moulds the seasons, and directs again ;  
But all in vain :  
His neighbour's grounds still thrive while his decay.

What does he do in this sad plight ?  
For once he acted right :  
He to the god his fate bemoan'd,  
Ask'd pardon, and his folly own'd.  
Jove, like a tender master, fond to save,  
His weakness pity'd, and his fault forgave.

#### MORAL.

He, who presumes the ways of heaven to scan,  
Is not a wise, nor yet a happy man :  
In this firm truth securely we may rest,—  
Whatever Providence ordains is best ;  
Had man the power, he'd work his own undoing ;  
To grant his will would be to cause his ruin.



## FABLE XI.

### The Peacock's Complaint.

[FROM CROXALL.]

THE PEACOCK presented a memorial to Juno, importing, how hardly he thought he was used, in not having so good a voice as the Nightingale; how that pretty animal was agreeable to every ear that heard it, while he was laughed at for his ugly screaming noise, if he did but open his mouth.

The Goddess, concerned at the uneasiness of her favourite bird, answered him very kindly to this purpose: "If the Nightingale is blessed with a fine voice, you have the advantage in beauty and size."

“ Ah ! ” says he, “ but what avails my silent, unmeaning beauty, when I am so far excelled in voice ? ”

The Goddess dismissed him ; bidding him consider, that the properties of every creature were appointed by a decree of fate ; to him, beauty ; to the Eagle, strength ; to the Nightingale, a voice of melody ; to the Parrot, the faculty of speech ; and to the Dove, innocence. That each of these was satisfied with his own peculiar quality ; and, unless he wished to be miserable, he must learn to be equally contented.

#### MORAL.

The man, who to his lot's resign'd,  
True happiness is sure to find ;  
While envy ne'er can mend the ill,  
But makes us feel it keener still.





## FABLE X.

### The Old Bulfinch and Young Birds.

[By COWPER.]

IT chanc'd, that, on a winter's day,  
But warm and bright, and calm as May,  
The birds, conceiving a design  
To forestal sweet St. Valentine,  
In many an orchard, copse, and grove,  
Assembled on affairs of love;  
And with much twitter and much chatter,  
Began to agitate the matter.

At length, a BULFINCH, who could boast  
More years and wisdom than the most,

Entreated, opening wide his beak,  
A moment's liberty to speak ;  
And, silence publicly enjoin'd,  
Deliver'd briefly thus his mind :

“ My friends, be cautious how ye treat  
The subject upon which we meet ;  
I fear we shall have winter yet.”

A FINCH, whose tongue knew no control,  
With golden wing and satin poll,  
A last year's bird, who ne'er had tried  
What marriage means, thus pert replied :

“ Methinks, the gentleman,” quoth she,  
“ Opposite, in the apple-tree,  
By his good will, would keep us single,  
'Till yonder heaven and earth shall mingle ;  
Or (which is likelier to befall,)  
'Till death exterminate us all.  
I marry without more ado ;  
My dear Dick Redcap, what say you ?”

Dick heard ; and tweedling, ogling, bridling,  
Turning short round, strutting, and sidling,  
Attested glad his approbation  
Of an immediate conjugation.  
Their sentiments so well express'd,  
Influenced mightily the rest ;  
All pair'd, and each pair built a nest.

But though the birds were thus in haste,  
The leaves came on not quite so fast ;  
And destiny, that sometimes bears  
An aspect stern on man's affairs,  
Not altogether smil'd on theirs.

The wind, that late breath'd gently forth,  
Now shifted east, and east by north ;  
Bare trees and shrubs but ill, you know,  
Could shelter them from rain or snow ;  
Stepping into their nests, they paddled,  
Themselves were chill'd, their eggs were addled ;  
Soon every father bird, and mother,  
Grew quarrelsome, and peck'd each other ;  
Parted without the least regret,  
Except that they had ever met ;  
And learn'd in future to be wiser,  
Than to neglect a good adviser.

#### MORAL.

Young folks, who think themselves so wise,  
That old folks' counsel they despise,  
Will find, when they too late repent,  
Their folly prove their punishment.



## FABLE XI.

### The Discontented Horse.

[From the German of LESSING.]

AS JUPITER once was receiving petitions  
From birds and from beasts of all ranks and conditions,  
With an eye full of fire, and mane quite erect,  
Which, I'm sorry to say, shew'd but little respect,  
The HORSE went as near as he dar'd to the throne,  
And thus made his donkey-like sentiments known :

“ For beauty of symmetry, fleetness and force,  
It is said that all animals yield to the Horse ;  
While my spirit I feel, and my figure I view  
In the brook, I'm inclined to believe it is true ;

But still, mighty JUPITER, still, by your aid,  
In my form might some further improvements be made.  
To run is my duty, and swifter and stronger,  
I surely should go were my legs to be longer :  
And as man always places a seat on my back,  
I should have been made with a saddle or sack ;  
It had sav'd *him* much trouble, on journies departing,  
And *I* had been constantly ready for starting."

Great JUPITER smiled (for he laugh'd at the brute,  
As he saw more of folly than vice in his suit),  
And striking the earth with omnipotent force,  
A Camel rose up near the terrified HORSE :  
He trembled—he started—his mane shook with fright,  
And he stagger'd half round, as preparing for flight. .

" Behold !" exclaim'd JOVE, " there an animal stands,  
With both your improvements at once to your hands :  
His legs are much longer ; the hump on his back  
Well answers the purpose of saddle or sack :  
Of your shapes, tell me, which is more finish'd and trim ?  
Speak out, silly HORSE, would you wish to be him ?"

The HORSE look'd abash'd, and had nothing to say ;  
And JOVE, with reproaches, thus sent him away :  
" Begone, till you gratefully feel and express  
Your thanks for the blessings and gifts you possess.  
The Camel, though plain, is mild, useful and good ;  
You are handsome, but proud, discontented and rude."





## FABLE XII.

### The Stag in the Ox-stall.

[From CROXALL.]

A STAG, roused out of his thick covert in the midst of the forest, and driven hard by the hounds, made towards a farm-house, and seeing the door of an Ox-stall open, entered therein, and hid himself under a heap of straw. One of the Oxen, turning his head about, asked him what he meant by venturing himself in such a place as that was, where he was sure to meet his doom? "Ah!" says the STAG, "if you will but be so good as to favour me with your concealment, I hope

I shall do well enough; I intend to make off again the first opportunity."

Well, he staid there till towards night; in came the ox-man, with a bundle of fodder, and never saw him. In short, all the servants of the farm came and went, and not a soul of them suspected any thing of the matter. Nay, the bailiff himself came, according to form, and looked in, but walked away, no wiser than the rest. Upon this, the STAG, ready to jump out of his skin for joy, began to return thanks to the good-natured Oxen, protesting that they were the most obliging people he had ever met with in his life.

After he had done his compliments, one of them answered him gravely: "Indeed, we desire nothing more than to have it in our power to contribute to your escape; but there is a certain person, you little think of, who has a hundred eyes: if he should happen to come, I would not give this straw for your life."

In the interim, home comes the master himself, from a neighbour's, where he had been invited to dinner; and, because he had observed the cattle to look but scurvily of late, he went up to the rack, and asked why they did not give them more fodder; then, casting his eyes downward, "Heyday!" says he, "why so sparing of your litter? pray scatter a little more here. And these cobwebs—But I have spoken so often, that unless I do it myself . . . ." Thus, as he

went on, prying into every thing, he chanced to look where the STAG's horns lay sticking out of the straw ; upon which, he called all his people about him, killed the poor STAG, and made a prize of him.

## MORAL.

The knave, whose wages are his booty,  
Goes thro' the mock routine of duty,  
From year to year ;  
The object which his mind engages  
Is, " When shall I receive my wages ?  
Is pay-day near ?"

But faithful servants *may* be found,  
By ties of honest feeling bound,  
With pure good will ;  
And yet, however keen they pry,  
We always find the MASTER'S EYE  
Is keener still.



## FABLE XIII.

### The Dove and the Ant.

[By TAPNER.]

A LAB'RING ANT, who, half a league,  
Had dragg'd his load with vast fatigue,  
Was trailing from a distant barn  
A huge, prodigious grain of corn;  
Tottering, beneath the burthen bent,  
Dissolv'd in sweat, his strength quite spent;  
While many a weary step he took,  
Along the margin of a brook,  
And homeward trudg'd, through thick and thin,  
Made a false step, and tumbl'd in.

He toil'd, and with unequal strife,  
Panted, and struggled hard for life.  
The mighty waves come o'er his head,  
His pow'rs are gone, his hopes are fled;  
He flounces, plunges, strives in vain;  
He sinks, then rising, floats again;  
Resists the stream, and holds his breath;  
Despairs of help, and waits for death.

When, lo! a Dove, with pity mov'd,  
For every living thing she lov'd;  
Beheld, with deep concern oppress'd,  
The honest rustic thus distress'd;

Just where she saw him gasping lie,  
She pluck'd a twig, and dropp'd it nigh.  
He mounts, like sailor on an oar,  
Securely perch'd, and reach'd the shore ;  
Then shook his limbs, and rais'd his head,  
And thus to his deliverer said :

“ To one unask'd, who could bestow  
Such service, more than thanks I owe ;  
Receive, devoid of skill or art,  
Th' effusions of a grateful heart :  
You may partake of all I hoard,  
Sure of a welcome at my board.”

The gentle Dove, with smiles replies,  
And meekness beaming from her eyes :  
“ The highest joys on earth, we find,  
Spring from a tender, feeling mind ;  
The soft sensations rising there,  
Repay with int'rest all our care :  
Where kindness is to others shewn,  
Imparting bliss, we form our own.  
The bosom that with pity burns,  
Bless'd in itself, wants no returns.”

She spoke : and mounting, spreads her wings,  
And wheels aloft in airy rings,  
Seeking the well-known shady grove,  
To nurse her young, and bless her love.

When winter's snows deform'd the year,  
And food was scarce, and frost severe,  
The grateful ANT, who had with pain  
Amass'd a monstrous load of grain,  
And as the DOVE might want, he thought,  
To find his benefactor, sought.

Long had he rov'd the forest round,  
Before the gentle DOVE he found ;  
At distance seen, too far to hear  
His voice, a sportsman much too near,  
With lifted tube, and levelling eye,  
The fatal lead prepar'd to fly ;  
The trigger just began to move,  
His aim was pointed at the DOVE.

With horror struck, the ANT beheld ;  
By gratitude and love impell'd,  
He mounts, and to his eyelid clings,  
With all his force the fowler stings ;  
That moment was his piece discharg'd ;  
He starts, miss'd aim, the DOVE's enlarg'd.

#### MORAL.

Whene'er we lend to others aid,  
We always shall be well repaid.



#### FABLE XIV.

### The Old Man and his Sons.

[FROM CROXALL.]

AN OLD MAN had many SONS, who were often quarrelling with one another. When the father had exerted his authority, and used other means to reconcile them, but all to no purpose, he at last had recourse to this expedient: he ordered his SONS to be called before him, and a short bundle of sticks to be brought; then commanded them each to try if, with all his might and strength, he could break it. They all tried, but to no purpose; for the sticks being closely and compactly bound up together, it was impossible for the force of man to do it.

After this, the father ordered the bundle to be untied, and gave a single stick to each of his Sons, at the same time bidding him try to break it; which, when each did with all imaginable ease, the father addressed them to this effect: "O, my Sons, behold the power of unity! For, if you, in like manner, would but keep yourselves strictly conjoined in the bonds of friendship, it would not be in the power of any mortal to hurt you; but when once the ties of brotherly affection are dissolved, how soon you become exposed to every injurious hand that assaults you!"

MORAL.

Union is strength.





## FABLE XV.

### The Colt and the Farmer.

[By MOORE.]

A COLT, for blood and mettled speed,  
The choicest of the running breed,  
Of youthful strength and beauty vain,  
Refus'd subjection to the rein.

In vain the groom's officious skill  
Oppos'd his pride, and check'd his will ;  
In vain the master's forming care  
Restrain'd with threats, or sooth'd with pray'r.  
Of freedom proud, and scorning man,  
Wild o'er the spacious plain he ran.

Where'er luxuriant Nature spread  
Her flow'ry carpet o'er the mead,  
Or bubbling streams soft-gliding pass  
To cool and freshen up the grass,  
Disdaining bounds, he cropp'd the blade,  
And wanton'd in the spoil he made.

In plenty thus the summer pass'd,  
Revolving winter came at last :  
The trees no more a shelter yield,  
The verdure withers from the field,  
Perpetual snows invest the ground,  
In icy chains the streams are bound ;

Cold nipping winds, and rattling hail,  
His lank, unshelter'd sides assail.

As round he cast his rueful eyes,  
He saw the thatch'd-roof cottage rise ;  
The prospect touch'd his heart with cheer,  
And promis'd kind deliv'rance near.  
A stable, erst his scorn and hate,  
Was now become his wish'd retreat ;  
His passion cool, his pride forgot,  
A FARMER'S welcome yard he sought.

The master saw his woful plight,  
His limbs that totter'd with his weight,  
And, friendly, to the stable led,  
And saw him litter'd, dress'd, and fed.  
In slothful ease all night he lay ;  
The servants rose at break of day ;  
The market calls. Along the road,  
His back must bear the pond'rous load ;  
In vain he struggles or complains,  
Incessant blows reward his pains.  
To-morrow varies but his toil ;  
Chain'd to the plough, he breaks the soil ;  
While scanty meals, at night, repay  
The painful labours of the day.

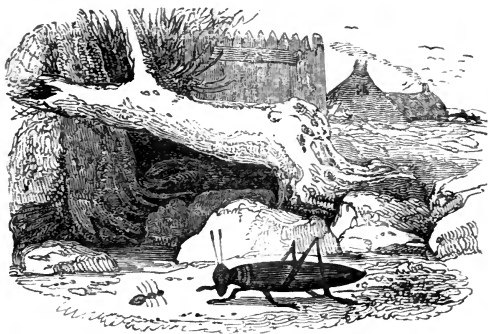
Subdu'd by toil, with anguish rent,  
His self-upbraidings found a vent.

“ Wretch that I am !” he sighing said,  
“ By arrogance, and folly led :  
Had but my restive youth been brought  
To learn the lesson nature taught,  
Then had I, like my sires of yore,  
The prize from every courser bore.  
Now, lasting servitude’s my lot ;  
My birth condemn’d, my speed forgot ;  
Doom’d am I, for my pride, to bear  
A living death, from year to year.”

## MORAL.

He who disdains control, will only gain  
A youth of pleasure for an age of pain.





## FABLE XVI.

### The Ant and the Grasshopper.

[FROM CROXALL.]

IN the winter season, a commonwealth of ANTS was busily employed in the management and preservation of their corn; which they exposed to the air, in heaps, round about the avenues of their little country habitation. A GRASSHOPPER, who had chanced to outlive the summer, and was ready to starve with cold and hunger, approached them with great humility, and begged that they would relieve his necessity, with one grain of wheat or rye. One of the ANTS asked him how he had disposed of his time in summer, that he had not taken pains, and laid in a stock, as they had

done. "Alas! gentlemen," says he, "I passed away the time merrily and pleasantly, in drinking, singing, and dancing, and never once thought of winter." "If that be the case," replied the ANT, "all I have to say is, that they who drink, sing, and dance, in the summer, must starve in the winter."

## MORAL.

Who pleasures love  
Shall beggars prove.



## FABLE XVII.

### The Hermit and the Bear.

[FROM LA FONTAINE.]

ONCE on a time, a mountain BEAR  
Liv'd in a forest drear, with no Bears near him ;  
Fat, fierce, and sulky.

Nor man, nor other beast, approach'd his lair ;  
His neighbours all despise, or hate, or fear him.  
'Tis good to talk,—to hold one's tongue,—  
Though either in excess be wrong:—

Our hermit bulky,  
So shaggy, sullen, taciturn, and rude,  
Bear as he was, grew sick of solitude.

At the same time, by chance, retir'd  
Far from the world, a man advanc'd in age,  
But stout and healthy.

Not with devotion's flame his heart was fir'd ;  
Not prayer and fasting occupied the sage ;  
Though on mankind he shut his door,  
No vows of poverty he swore:—

The wight was wealthy.  
But by some treacherous friend, or fair, betray'd,  
He liv'd with plants, and commun'd with his spade.

High priest of Flora you might call him;  
Nor less was he the fav'rite of Pomona.

But one day, walking,  
He found it dull; and should some ill befall him,  
In his sweet paradise, he felt alone,—Ah!  
For neither rose, nor pink, nor vine,  
Except in such a lay as mine,  
Are given to talking.  
His head, old Time had now long years heap'd many on;  
So he resolv'd to look for some companion.

On this important expedition,—  
But fearing his researches would be vain,—  
The sage departed:  
Revolving deeply his forlorn condition,  
He slowly mused along a narrow lane;  
When, on a sudden,—unawares,—  
A nose met his:—it was the BEAR'S!  
With fright he started.  
Fear is a common feeling: he that wise is,  
Altho' his fright be great, his fear disguises.

Prudence suggested—"Stand your ground;  
'Tis hard to turn, and harder still to dash on."

Prudence prevails.—

'Twixt kindred minds a sympathy is found  
Which lights up oft at sight a tender passion,

Where sexes are of different kind ;  
And oft 'twill ties of friendship bind,  
Between two males :  
These magic signs our hermits, at a glance, see :  
Each found he strongly pleas'd the other's fancy.

Bruin at compliments was awkward,  
But was not long his sentiments in telling—

“ Old man, I like you ! ”—

The man replied, “ Fair sir, you need not walk hard,  
In half an hour you'll reach my humble dwelling.  
I've milk, and various sorts of fruit,  
If any should your palate suit,

Take what may strike you ;  
On me it will confer the highest pleasure  
To spread before you all my garden's treasure.”

On jogg'd the human HERMIT with the BEAR,  
Like smoking Germans, few words interlarding ;  
Though little said,

Finding their tempers suited to a hair,  
They grew firm friends before they reach'd the garden.  
Each took his task, their moods the same,  
One dug, the other hunted game,

And often sped ;  
And Bruin, o'er his friend a strict watch keeping,  
Chas'd off the flies that haunted him when sleeping.



One afternoon, as in the sun  
The weary HERMIT took his usual nap,  
    And at his post  
The faithful BEAR his daily work begun,  
Giving full many a brush and gentle slap,  
    With a light whip of herbs sweet-scented,  
And thus the teasing flies prevented,  
    That buzzing host,  
From fixing on his sleeping patron's visage,  
Sunk in the deep repose so fit for his age.

One blue-bottle his care defied;—  
No place could please him but the old man's nose,  
    Quite unabash'd.  
The BEAR, provok'd, no means would leave untried;  
At last, a vigorous, certain mode, he chose:—  
    Extending wide his heavy paw,  
And thrusting hard each crooked claw,  
    The fly was smash'd:—  
But his poor patron's face, so roughly patted,  
All stream'd with blood, and smooth his nose was flatted.

The BEAR sneak'd off to humble distance,  
Seeing the damage he had done his friend;  
    Who rag'd with smart;  
But calling in philosophy's assistance,  
Anger, he thought, his wounds would never mend,

So, coolly said, "Farewell, friend Bruin !  
Since you have laid my face in ruin,  
    'Tis time to part."

## MORAL.

All those must such mishaps expect to share,  
Who, for a friend, think fit to take a Bear.





## FABLE XVIII.

### The Fox and the Stork.

[From DODSLEY.]

THE Fox, though in general more inclined to roguery than wit, had once a strong inclination to play the wag with his neighbour, the STORK. He accordingly invited her to dinner in great form; but when it came upon the table, the STORK found it consisted entirely of different soups, served up in broad shallow dishes, so that she could only dip in the end of her bill, but could not possibly satisfy her hunger. The Fox lapped it up very readily; and every now and then, addressing himself to his guest, desired to know how she liked her entertainment: hoped that every thing was

to her mind ; and protested he was very sorry to see her eat so sparingly.

The STORK, perceiving she was jested with, took no notice of it, but pretended to like every dish extremely ; and, at parting, pressed the Fox so earnestly to return her visit, that he could not, in civility, refuse.

The day arrived, and he repaired to his appointment ; but, to his great mortification, when dinner appeared, he found it composed of minced meat, served up in long narrow-necked glasses ; so that he was only tantalized with the sight of what it was impossible for him to taste. The STORK thrust in her long bill, and helped herself very plentifully ; then, turning to Reynard, who was eagerly licking the outside of a jar where some sauce had been spilled,—“ I am very glad,” said she, smiling, “ that you seem to have so good an appetite ; I hope you will make as hearty a dinner at my table, as I did, the other day, at yours.” Reynard hung down his head at first, and looked very much displeased ; but when he came to take his leave, he owned ingenuously, that he had been used as he deserved ; and that he had no reason to take any treatment ill, of which himself had set the example.

#### MORAL.

If a jest you cannot take,  
Then a jest you should not make.



## FABLE XIX.

### The Shepherd's Dog and Wolf.

[FROM GAY.]

A WOLF, with hunger fierce and bold,  
Ravag'd the plains, and thinn'd the fold ;  
Deep in the wood secure he lay,  
The thefts of night regal'd the day.  
In vain the shepherd's wakeful care  
Had spread the toils, and watch'd the snare ;  
In vain the Dog pursu'd his pace,  
The fleeter robber mock'd the chase.

As Lightfoot rang'd the forest round,  
By chance his foe's retreat he found :

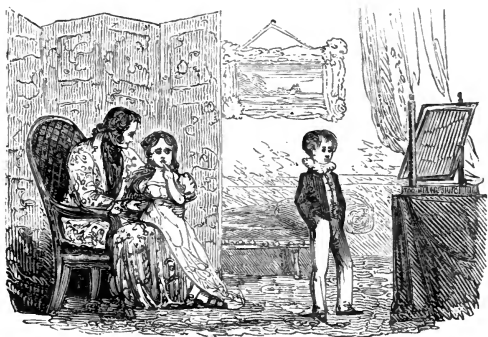
" Let us awhile the war suspend,  
And reason as from friend to friend."  
" A truce!" replies the WOLF. 'Tis done.  
The DOG the parley thus begun :—

" How can that strong, intrepid mind,  
Attack a weak, defenceless kind?  
Those jaws should prey on nobler food,  
And drink the boar's and lion's blood ;  
Great souls with gen'rous pity melt,  
Which coward tyrants never felt.  
How harmless is our fleecy care!  
Be brave, and let thy mercy spare."

" Friend," says the WOLF, " the matter weigh ;  
Nature design'd us beasts of prey ;  
As such, when hunger finds a treat,  
'Tis necessary Wolves should eat.  
If, mindful of the bleating weal,  
Thy bosom burn with real zeal,  
Hence, and thy tyrant lord beseech ;  
To him repeat the moving speech.  
A Wolf eats sheep but now and then ;  
Ten thousands are devour'd by men."

#### MORAL.

An open foe may prove a curse,  
But a pretended friend is worse.



## FABLE XX.

### The Brother and Sister.

[FROM CROXALL.]

A CERTAIN Man had two children, a Son and a Daughter. The Boy handsome enough; the Girl not quite so comely. They were both very young; and happened, one day, to be playing near the looking-glass, which stood on their mother's toilet: the Boy, pleased with the novelty of the thing, viewed himself for some time, and in a wanton, roguish manner, observed to the Girl, how handsome he was. She resented the insult, and ran immediately to her father, and, with a great deal of aggravation, complained of her brother;

particularly for having acted so effeminate a part as to look in a glass, and meddle with things which belonged to women only. The father, embracing them both, with much tenderness and affection, told them, that he should like to have them both look in the glass every day; "To the intent that you," says he to the Boy, "if you think that face of yours handsome, may not disgrace and spoil it, by an ugly temper and a bad behaviour; and that you," added he, addressing the Girl, "may make up for the defects of your person, by the sweetness of your manners and the excellence of your understanding."

#### MORAL.

A well-informed mind is better than a handsome person.





## FABLE XXI.

### The Hog and the Acorns.

[From the German of LESSING.]

ONE moonshiny night,  
With a great appetite,  
A HOG feasted on ACORNS with all his might.  
Quite pleas'd with his prize,  
Both in taste and in size,  
While he ate he devoured the rest with his eyes.

You know, I'm in joke,  
When I say that the oak,  
Moved a *bough* to the grunter before she spoke.

But you know, too, in fable  
We feel ourselves able  
To make anything speak, tree, flower, or table.

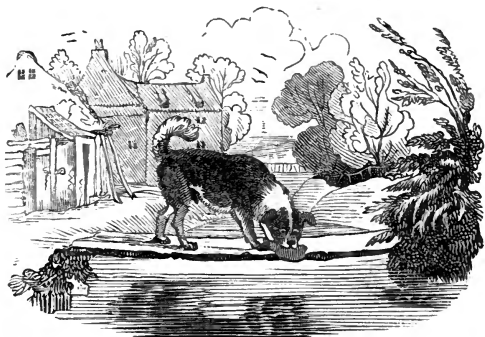
Said the OAK, looking big,  
"I think, Mr. PIG,  
You might thank me for sending you fruit from my twig.  
But, you ill-behaved Hog!  
You devour the prog,  
And have no better manners, I think, than a dog."

He replied, looking up,  
Though not ceasing to sup,  
Till the ACORNS were eaten, ay, every cup,  
"I acknowledge, to you  
My thanks would be due,  
If from feelings of kindness my supper you threw.

To morrow, good dame,  
Give my children the same,  
And then you, with justice, may gratitude claim."

#### MORAL.

He merits no praise  
To the end of his days,  
Who to those who surround him no service conveys.



## FABLE XXII.

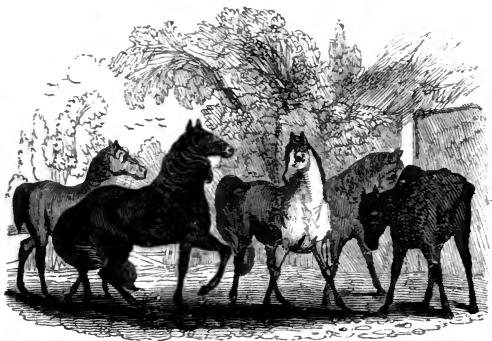
### The Dog and Shadow.

[FROM CROXALL.]

A Dog, crossing a little rivulet, with a piece of flesh in his mouth, saw his own shadow represented in the clear mirror of the limpid stream; and believing it to be another Dog, who was carrying another piece of flesh, he could not forbear catching at it; but was so far from getting any thing by his greedy design, that he dropped the piece he had in his mouth, which immediately sunk to the bottom, and was irrecoverably lost.

#### MORAL.

'Tis the just punishment of greediness to lose the substance by grasping at the shadow.



## FABLE XXIII.

### The Council of Horses.

[From GAY.]

UPON a time, a neighing Steed,  
Who graz'd among a num'rous breed,  
With mutiny had fir'd the train,  
And spread dissension through the plain.  
On matters that concern'd the state  
The council met in grand debate.  
A Colt, whose eye-balls flam'd with ire,  
Elate with strength and youthful fire,  
In haste stepp'd forth before the rest,  
And thus the list'ning throng address'd:

“ Good gods ! how abject is our race !  
Condemn'd to slav'ry and disgrace !  
Shall we our servitude retain,  
Because our sires have borne the chain ?  
Consider, friends, your strength and might ;  
'Tis conquest to assert your right.  
How cumb'rous is the gilded coach !  
The pride of man is our reproach.  
Were we design'd for daily toil,  
To drag the ploughshare through the soil ;  
To sweat in harness through the road ;  
To groan beneath the carrier's load ?  
How feeble are the two-legg'd kind !  
What force is in our nerves combin'd !  
Shall, then, our nobler jaws submit  
To foam and champ the galling bit ?  
Shall haughty man my back bestride ?  
Shall the sharp spur provoke my side ?  
Forbid it, heav'ns ! reject the rein ;  
Your shame, your infamy disdain.  
Let him the Lion first control,  
And still the Tiger's famish'd growl !  
Let us, like them, our freedom claim ;  
And make him tremble at our name.”

A general nod approv'd the cause,  
And all the circle neigh'd applause ;  
When, lo ! with grave and solemn pace,  
A Steed advanc'd before the race,

With age and long experience wise ;  
Around he casts his thoughtful eyes,  
And, to the murmurs of the train,  
Thus spoke the Nestor of the plain :

“ When I had health and strength, like you,  
The toils of servitude I knew.  
Now, grateful man rewards my pains,  
And gives me all these wide domains.  
At will I crop the year's increase ;  
My latter life is rest and peace.  
I grant, to man we lend our pains,  
And aid him to correct the plains.  
But doth not he divide the care,  
Through all the labours of the year ?  
How many thousand structures rise,  
To fence us from inclement skies !  
For us he bears the sultry day,  
And stores up all our winter's hay.  
He sows, he reaps the harvest's gain ;  
We share the toil, and share the grain.”

The tumult ceas'd. The Colt submitted ;  
And, like his ancestors, was bitted.

#### MORAL.

Since every creature is decreed  
To aid each other's mutual need ;  
Submit with a contented mind,  
To act the part by heaven assign'd

## FABLE XXIV.

### The Redbreast and the Sparrow.

[From DODSLEY.]

AS a REDBREAST was singing on a tree, by the side of a rural cottage, a SPARROW, perched upon the thatch, took occasion thus to reprimand him : “ And dost thou,” said he, “ with thy dull autumnal note, presume to emulate the birds of spring? Can thy weak warblings pretend to vie with the sprightly accents of the Thrush and the Blackbird? With the various melody of the Lark and the Nightingale? whom other birds, far thy superiors, have been long content to admire in silence.” “ Judge with candour, at least,” replied the ROBIN; “ nor impute those efforts to ambition solely, which may sometimes flow from love of the art. I reverence, indeed, but by no means envy, the birds whose fame has stood the test of ages. Their songs have charmed both hill and dale; but their season is past, and their throats are silent. I feel not, however, the ambition to surpass or equal them : my efforts are of a much humbler nature; and I may surely hope for pardon, while I endeavour to cheer these forsaken valleys, by an attempt to imitate the strains I love.”

#### MORAL.

Imitation may be pardonable, where rivalry would be presumptuous.



FABLE XXV.

*The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse.*

[From POPE.]

ONCE on a time, (so runs the fable,)  
A COUNTRY MOUSE, right hospitable,  
Receiv'd a TOWN MOUSE at his board,  
Just as a farmer might a lord ;  
A frugal Mouse, upon the whole,  
Yet lov'd his friend, and had a soul.  
He brought him bacon (nothing lean) ;  
Pudding, that might have pleas'd a dean ;  
Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,  
But wish'd it Stilton for his sake ;  
Yet, to his guest though no way sparing,  
He ate, himself, the rind and paring.



Our courtier scarce could touch a bit,  
But show'd his breeding and his wit;  
He did his best to seem to eat,  
And cried "I vow, you're mighty neat!  
But, lord, my friend, this savage scene!—  
For mercy's sake, come, live with men:  
Consider, mice, like men, must die,  
Both small and great; both you and I:  
Then spend your life in joy and sport;  
(This doctrine, friend, I learn'd at court.)"

The veriest hermit in the nation  
May yield, we know, to strong temptation.  
Away they came, through thick and thin,  
To a tall house near Lincoln's Inn.  
('Twas on the night of a debate,  
When all their lordships had sat late.)  
Behold the place, where, if a poet  
Shin'd in description, he might shew it;  
Tell how the moon-beam trembling falls,  
And tipt with silver all the walls;  
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,  
Grotesco roofs, and stucco floors:  
But let it (in a word) be said,  
The moon was up, and men a-bed;  
The napkins white, the carpet red;  
The guests withdrawn, had left the treat,  
And down the mice sat "*tête-a-tête*."

Our courtier walks from dish to dish,  
Tastes, for his friend, of fowl and fish ;  
Tells all their names ; lays down the law :  
*Que ça est bon ! Ah ! goûtez ça !*  
That jelly's rich, this malmsey's healing ;  
Pray, dip your whiskers and your tail in.  
Was ever such a happy swain !  
He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again.  
" I'm quite asham'd—'tis mighty rude  
To eat so much,—but all's so good.  
I have a thousand thanks to give—  
My lord alone knows how to live !"  
No sooner said, but, from the hall,  
Rush chaplain, butler, dogs and all :  
" A Rat, a Rat ! clap to the door ;"—  
The Cat comes bouncing on the floor.  
O, for the heart of Homer's mice,  
Or gods, to save them in a trice !  
(It was by Providence, they think,  
For stucco seldom has a chink.)  
" An't please your honour," quoth the peasant,  
" This same dessert is not so pleasant ;  
Give me again my hollow tree,  
A crust of bread, and liberty !"

## MORAL.

Poverty and safety are preferable to luxury and danger.



## FABLE XXVI.

### The Fox and the Crow.

[From CROXALL.]

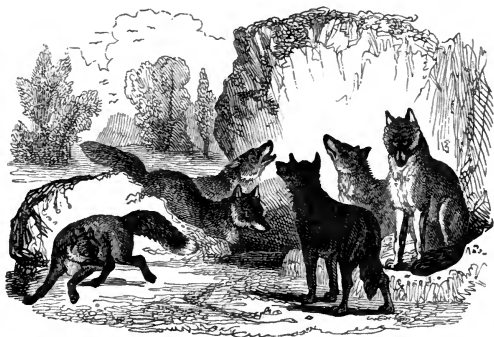
A CROW, having stolen a piece of cheese from a cottage-window, flew up into a high tree with it, in order to eat it; which the Fox observing, came and sat underneath, and began to compliment the Crow upon the subject of her beauty. "I protest," says he, "I never observed it before, but your feathers are of a more delicate white than any that ever I saw in my life! Ah! what a fine shape and graceful turn of body is there!—and I dare say you have a beautiful voice. If it be but as fine as your com-

plexion, I do not know a bird that can pretend to stand in competition with you."

The CROW, tickled with this very civil language, nestled and wriggled about, and hardly knew where she was; but thinking the Fox a little dubious as to the particular of her voice, and having a mind to set him right in that matter, she began to sing, and, in the same instant, let the cheese drop out of her mouth. This being what the Fox wanted, he snapped it up in a moment; and trotted away, laughing to himself at the easy credulity of the CROW.

#### MORAL.

It is a maxim in the schools,  
"That Flattery's the food of fools;"  
And whoso likes such airy meat,  
Will soon have nothing else to eat.



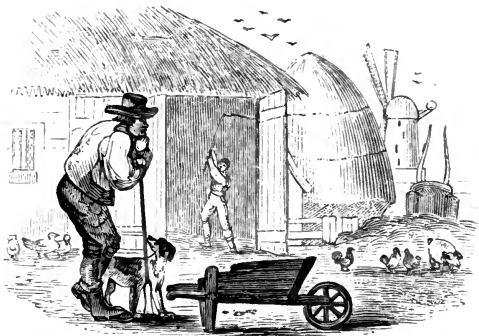
## FABLE XXVII.

### The Warrior Wolf.

[From the German of LESSING.]

A YOUNG WOLF said aloud,  
To the listening crowd,  
“ I may well of my father’s great courage be proud ;  
Wherever he came,  
Flock, shepherd, or dame,  
All trembled and fled at the sound of his name.  
Did any one spy  
My papa coming by,—  
Two hundred or more,—Oh ! he made them all fly !

One day, by a blow,  
He was conquer'd, I know ;  
But no wonder at last he should yield to a foe :  
He yielded, poor fellow !  
The conquering bellow  
Resounds in my ears as my poor father's knell— Oh !"  
A Fox then replied,  
While, leering aside,  
He laugh'd at his folly and vapouring pride :  
" My chattering youth,  
Your nonsense, forsooth,  
Is more like a funeral sermon than truth.  
Let history tell  
How your old father fell ;  
And see if the narrative sounds as well.  
Your folly surpasses,  
Of monkies all classes ;  
The beasts which he frighten'd, or conquer'd, were asses ;  
Except a few sheep,  
When the shepherd, asleep,  
The dog by his side for safety did keep.  
Your father fell back,  
Knock'd down by a whack  
From the very first bull that he dar'd to attack.  
" Away he'd have scour'd,  
But soon overpower'd,  
He lived like a thief, and he died like a coward."



## FABLE XXVIII.

### The Barley-Mow and the Dunghill.

[From GAY.]

AS cross his yard, at early day,  
A careful farmer took his way,  
He stopp'd, and leaning on his fork,  
Observ'd the flail's incessant work.  
In thought he measur'd all his store ;  
His geese, his hogs, he number'd o'er ;  
In fancy weigh'd the fleeces shorn,  
And multiplied the next year's corn.

A BARLEY-Mow, which stood beside,  
Thus to its musing master cried :

“ Say, good sir, is it fit or right,  
To treat me with neglect and slight?  
Me, who contribute to your cheer,  
And raise your mirth with ale and beer!  
Why thus insulted, thus disgrac’d,  
And that vile DUNGHILL near me plac’d?  
Are those poor sweepings of a groom,  
That filthy sight, that nauseous fume,  
Meet objects here? Command it hence:  
A thing so mean must give offence.”

The humble DUNGHILL thus replied:  
“ Thy master hears, and mocks thy pride.  
Insult not thus the meek and low;  
In me thy benefactor know:  
My warm assistance gave thee birth,  
Or thou hadst perish’d low in earth:  
But, upstarts, to support their station,  
Cancel at once all obligation.”





## FABLE XXIX.

### The Miller, his Son, and the Ass.

[From LA FONTAINE.]

AT Athens, when a busy fair  
Attracted half the country there,  
An honest MILLER, like the rest,  
With rage of gadding was possess'd.  
Besides, he wish'd to turn a penny,  
Having of Donkies one too many.  
He and his Son, a hopeful lad,  
In weeds of holiday were clad,  
As then the Attic peasants wore 'em :  
They gently drove their Ass before 'em ;

And social chatting, side by side,  
They walk'd, for neither chose to ride.

Between the town and their abode,  
Some damsels passed them on the road :  
Greeks of each sex, a prating tribe,  
On all occasions prone to gibe.  
“ Look there !” exclaim'd the tittering lasses ;  
“ D'ye see that trio rare of asses ?  
Friends, do you like, in all this heat,  
To use those hoofs you call your feet ;  
When both, or, surely, one, at least,  
Might ride that sturdy, long-ear'd beast ?”

Vex'd that the girls an ass should count him,  
The man now bade his youngster mount him.  
When scarce a mile was gone, they met  
Of codgers grave a solemn set ;  
This new position moves their bile ;  
Thus they the passive youth revile :  
“ Is't not enough to rouse one's rage,  
To see no honour paid to age ?  
Can yon stout lad that beast bestride,  
Nor let his ancient father ride ?  
Must greybeards walk ?—Unfeeling clown !  
For shame, you graceless boy, get down !”  
Displeas'd, such causeless blame to meet,  
The senior takes the young man's seat.

But other tongues proclaim, ere long,  
Our good man's plan, as usual, wrong.  
"See, how on foot that stripling trudges,  
This churl the least indulgence grudges:  
Expire with toil he'd see him rather—  
He cannot be the poor child's father!"  
" 'Tis hard to please the world, I find,"  
The father cries; "Boy, mount behind."  
Ned, under double pressure straining,  
In his harsh language vents his 'plaining;  
Whilst more attendants on the fair,  
Gaze at the Ass and luckless pair;  
And utter warm disapprobation,  
In still more loud vociferation:  
"Does it not much," cries one, "amaze ye,  
To see two heavy louts so lazy?  
Never, since first I us'd this road, did  
I see poor beast so sadly loaded:  
To carry him they're much more able;  
Such cruelty is lamentable!"  
"Well," says the man, "My Son and I,  
To please, will this last method try."  
The tender critic's aid he begs,  
To tie the pitied Donkey's legs;  
Then, by a pole across their shoulders,  
Ned rides, diverting all beholders.  
They reach'd the bridge:—now shouts and cries  
Around them thick, and threefold rise;

Such hootings loud, and peals of laughter,  
 Precede the group, and follow after.  
 No one the gathering crowd can pass,  
 No farther move the carried Ass.  
 As still the merry rabble press on,  
 The MILLER cries, "I've gained a lesson.  
 A mob may prove a useful tutor :—  
 From my own brains I'll act, in future ;  
 Learn, then, my Son ! in this rough school,  
 Who would please all men, is a fool ;—  
 A fool alone such folly tries :  
 Oh ! folly take this sacrifice ;  
 For here, with me, thy reign shall close !"  
 Then o'er the bridge the Ass he throws ;  
 And, deaf to every pert adviser,  
 Goes home, tho' poorer, somewhat wiser.

## MORAL.

He who'd please all, and himself too,  
 Undertakes what none can do.



## FABLE XXX.

### The Dog and the Wolf.

[FROM CROXALL.]

A LEAN, hungry, half-starved WOLF, happened, one moonshiny night, to meet with a jolly, plump, well-fed MASTIFF ; and, after the first compliments were passed, says the WOLF, “ You look extremely well : I protest, I think I never saw a more graceful, comely person ; but how comes it about, I beseech you, that you should live so much better than I ? I may say, without vanity, that I venture fifty times more than you do, and yet I am often ready to perish with hunger.” The Dog answered, very bluntly, “ Why, you may live as

well, if you will do the same for it that I do." "Indeed! What is that?" asked the WOLF. "Why," says the DOG, "only to guard the house a-nights, and keep it from thieves." "With all my heart," replies the WOLF; "for, at present, I have but a sorry time of it; and I think, to change my hard lodging in the woods, where I endure rain, frost, and snow, for a warm roof over my head, and a belly-full of good victuals, will be no bad bargain." "True," says the DOG; "therefore you have nothing more to do than to follow me."

Now, as they were jogging on together, the WOLF spied a crease in the DOG's neck; and, having a strange curiosity, could not forbear asking him what it meant. "Pugh! nothing," says the DOG. "Nay, but tell me," says the WOLF. "Why," says the DOG, "if you must know, I am tied up in the day-time, because I am a little fierce, for fear I should bite people, and am only let loose a-nights. But this is done with a design to make me sleep a-days, more than any thing else, and that I may watch the better in the night-time; for, as soon as ever the twilight appears, out I am turned, and may go where I please. Then, my master brings me plates of bones from the table, with his own hands; and whatever scraps are left by any of the family, all fall to my share; for you must know I am a favourite with every body: so you see how you are to live.—Come, come along. Why, what's the matter with you?" "No," replied the WOLF; "I

beg your pardon : keep your happiness all to yourself. Liberty is the word with me ; and I would not be a king, upon the terms you mention."

## MORAL.

The man that's noble, just, and brave,  
Will never live a pamper'd slave ;  
A peasant poor he'd rather be,  
With homely fare and liberty.





## FABLE XXXI.

### The Rat and the Oyster.

[FROM LA FONTAINE.]

A RAT, possessed of little brains,  
Accustom'd but to fields and plains,  
Forsook the plenteous store of corn,  
And (his first trip since he was born)  
Scorning a parent's kind control,  
Rashly forsook his native hole.  
The very moment he was out,  
He look'd above, and round about :  
" Oh ! how extensive is the land !"  
He cried ; " the world, how vast and grand !"



The mole-hills, to his untaught eyes,  
Assum'd the mountains' height and size.  
"Amazing!"—he proceeded thus:—  
"I see the Alps and Caucasus!  
And that (a stream he saw in motion)  
Is, surely, the Atlantic Ocean!"

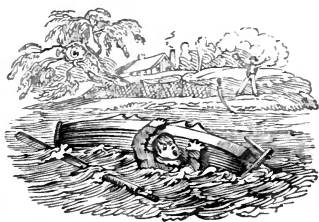
At length, proceeding to the shore,  
Where fishermen had been before,  
Some scatter'd Oysters there remain'd,  
Of the large portion they had gain'd.  
Among them one (as oft we view),  
With shell uprais'd an inch or two,  
Lay as in quiet, soft delight,  
Exposing skin of healthy white;  
So plump and tempting did it lie,  
It caught the RAT's exploring eye.  
"What do I see?" he cried; "a treat!  
'This must be most delightful meat;  
At any rate, this day I dine  
Better than any friend of mine:  
I have been looking for good cheer;  
Lucky am I to find it here."  
Then, full of hope, lured by the smell,  
He thrust his head within the shell.

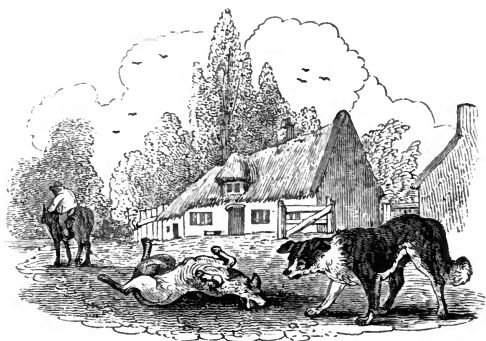
The OYSTER, who had never met  
With so much unpoliteness yet,—

And, surely, nothing could be ruder,—  
Caught, crush'd, and kill'd the bold intruder.

MORAL.

See the result of roaming wide  
Without companion, friend, or guide ;  
Who scorn advice can ne'er succeed ;  
Presumption must to ruin lead :  
My youthful friends, remember that ;  
Nor imitate this foolish RAT.





## FABLE XXXII.

### The Cur, the Horse, and the Shepherd's Dog.

[From GAY.]

A VILLAGE CUR, of snappish race,  
The pertest puppy in the place,  
Imagin'd that his treble throat  
Was bless'd with music's sweetest note ;  
In the mid road he basking lay,  
The yelping nuisance of the way ;  
For not a creature pass'd along,  
But had a sample of his song.

Soon as the trotting steed he hears,  
He starts, he cocks his dapper ears ;

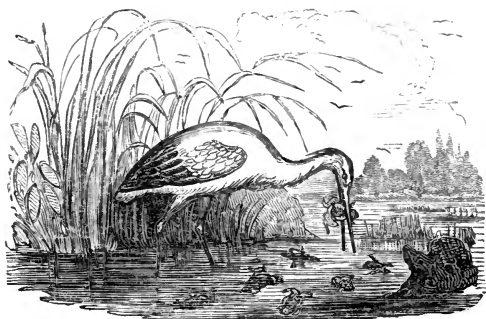
Away he scours, assaults his hoof;  
 Now near him snarls, now barks aloof;  
 With shrill impertinence attends;  
 Nor leaves him till the village ends.

It chanc'd, upon his evil day,  
 A Pad came pacing down the way;  
 The CUR, with never-ceasing tongue,  
 Upon the passing trav'ler sprung.  
 The HORSE, from scorn provok'd to ire,  
 Flung backward; rolling in the mire,  
 The Puppy howl'd, and bleeding lay;  
 The Pad in peace pursu'd his way.

A SHEPHERD'S DOG, who saw the deed,  
 Detesting the vexatious breed,  
 Bespoke him thus: "When coxcombs prate,  
 They kindle wrath, contempt, or hate;  
 Thy teasing tongue, had judgment tied,  
 Thou hadst not like a Puppy, died."

#### MORAL.

Too late the forward youth will find,  
 That jokes are sometimes paid in kind;  
 Or, if they canker in the breast,  
 He makes a foe who makes a jest.



### FABLE XXXIII.

## The Frogs who desired a King.

[FROM CROXALL.]

THE commonwealth of FROGS, a discontented, variable race, weary of liberty, and fond of change, petitioned JUPITER to grant them a king.

The good-natured deity, in order to indulge their request with as little mischief to the petitioners as possible, threw them down a log. At first, they regarded their new monarch with great reverence, and kept from him at a most respectful distance; but perceiving his tame and peaceable disposition, they, by degrees, ventured to approach him with more familiarity, till, at length, they conceived for him the utmost contempt. In this disposition they renewed

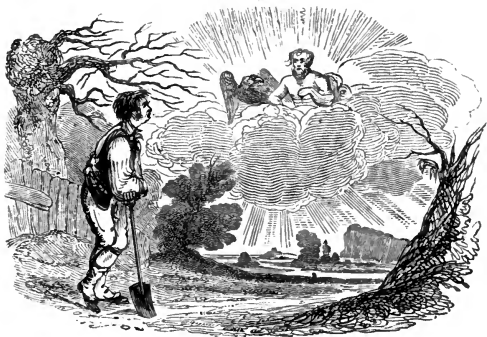
their request to JUPITER, and entreated him to bestow upon them another king. The Thunderer, in his wrath, sent them a Crane; who no sooner took possession of his new dominions, than he began to devour his subjects, one after another, in a most capricious and tyrannical manner.

They were now far more dissatisfied than before; when, applying to JUPITER a third time, they were dismissed with this reproof: that the evil they complained of they had imprudently brought upon themselves; and that they had no other remedy now but to submit to it with patience.

#### MORAL.

Be content; or you may change from bad to worse.





## FABLE XXXIV.

### The Countryman and Jupiter.

[From GAY.]

O'ERSPENT with toil, beneath the shade,  
A PEASANT rested on a spade.

“Good gods!” he cries, “’tis hard to bear  
This load of life from year to year.  
Soon as the morning streaks the skies,  
Industrious labour makes me rise;  
With sweat I earn my homely fare,  
And ev’ry day renews my care.”

JOVE heard the discontented strain,  
And thus rebuk’d the murm’ring swain:

“Speak out your wants, then, honest friend :  
Unjust complaints the gods offend.  
If you repine at partial fate,  
Instruct me what could mend your state.  
Mankind in ev’ry station see :  
What wish you? Tell me what you’d be.”  
So said, upborne upon a cloud,  
The clown survey’d the anxious crowd.

“Yon face of care,” says Jove, “behold !  
His bulky bags are fill’d with gold.  
See, with what joy he counts it o’er !  
That sum to-day hath swell’d his store.”  
“Were I that man,” the Peasant cried,  
“What blessing could I ask beside?”

“Hold !” says the god : “first, learn to know  
True happiness from outward show.  
This optic glass of intuition—  
Here, take it, view his true condition.”

He look’d, and saw the miser’s breast,  
A troubled ocean, ne’er at rest ;  
Want ever stares him in the face,  
And fear anticipates disgrace :  
With conscious guilt he saw him start ;  
Extortion gnaws his throbbing heart ;  
And never, or in thought or dream,  
His breast admits one happy gleam.



“ May Jove,” he cries, “ reject my pray’r,  
And guard my life from guilt and care !  
My soul abhors that wretch’s fate,  
Oh ! keep me in my humble state !  
But, see, amidst a gaudy crowd,  
Yon minister, so gay and proud :  
On him what happiness attends,  
Who thus rewards his grateful friends !”

“ First take the glass,” the god replies :  
“ Man views the world with partial eyes.”

“ Good gods !” exclaims the startled wight ;  
“ Defend me from this hideous sight !  
Corruption, with corrosive smart,  
Lies cank’ring on his guilty heart :  
I see him, with polluted hand,  
Spread the contagion o’er the land.  
Now av’rice, with insatiate jaws ;  
Now rapine, with her harpy claws,  
His bosom tears. His conscious breast  
Groans, with a load of crimes oppress’d.  
I see him, mad and drunk with power,  
Stand tott’ring on ambition’s tower.  
Sometimes, in speeches vain and proud,  
His boasts insult the nether crowd ;  
Now, seiz’d with giddiness and fear,  
He trembles lest his fall be near.

“ Was ever wretch like this !” he cries ;  
“ Such misery in such disguise !  
The change, O Jove, I disavow ;  
Still be my lot the spade and plough.”

He next, confirm'd by speculation,  
Rejects the lawyer's occupation :  
For he the statesman seem'd, in part,  
And bore similitude of heart.  
Nor did the soldier's trade inflame  
His hopes with thirst of spoil and fame ;  
The miseries of war he mourn'd ;  
Whole nations into deserts turn'd.  
‘ Such change,’ says he, ‘ may I decline ;  
The scythe, and civil arms be mine !’  
Thus, weighing life in each condition,  
The clown withdrew his rash petition.

When thus the god : “ How mortals err !  
If you true happiness prefer,  
'Tis to no rank of life confin'd,  
But dwells in ev'ry honest mind.  
Be justice, then, your sole pursuit ;  
Plant virtue, and content's the fruit.”

#### MORAL.

We never should, by outward show,  
Presume to judge of bliss below.



## FABLE XXXV.

### The Wind, the Sun, and the Traveller.

[FROM CROXALL.]

A DISPUTE once arose betwixt the NORTH-WIND and the SUN, about the superiority of their power; and they agreed to try their strength upon a TRAVELLER, which should be able to get his cloak off first.

The NORTH-WIND began, and blew a very cold blast, accompanied with a sharp, driving shower. But this, and whatever else he could do, instead of making the man quit his cloak, obliged him to gird it about his body as close as possible. Next came the SUN; who, breaking out from a thick, watery cloud, drove

## 94 THE WIND, THE SUN, AND THE TRAVELLER.

away the cold vapours from the sky, and darted his sultry beams upon the head of the poor weather-beaten TRAVELLER. The man, growing faint with the heat, and unable to endure it any longer, first throws off his heavy cloak, and then flies, for protection, to the shade of a neighbouring grove.

### MORAL.

Soft and gentle means will often accomplish what force and fury can never effect.





FABLE XXXVI.

The Turkey and the Ant.

[From GAY.]

A TURKEY, tir'd of common food,  
Forsook the barn, and sought the wood ;  
Behind her ran her infant train,  
Collecting here and there a grain.  
“ Draw near, my birds,” the mother cries,  
“ This hill delicious fare supplies ;  
Behold the busy negro race,  
See millions blacken all the place.  
Fear not : like me, with freedom eat ;  
An Ant is most delightful meat.

How bless'd, how envied were our life,  
Could we but 'scape the poult'rer's knife!  
But man, curs'd man, on Turkeys preys,  
And Christmas shortens all our days.  
Sometimes with oysters we combine;  
Sometimes assist the sav'ry chine :  
From the low peasant to the lord,  
The Turkey smokes on ev'ry board ;  
Sure, men for gluttony are curs'd,  
Of the sev'n deadly sins, the worst."

An Ant, who climb'd beyond her reach,  
Thus answer'd from the neighb'ring beech :  
" Ere you remark another's sin,  
Bid thy own conscience look within ;  
Controul thy more voracious bill,  
Nor, for a breakfast, nations kill."

#### MORAL.

In other folks we faults can spy,  
And blame the mote that dims their eye ;  
Each little speck and blemish find :—  
To our own stronger errors blind.

## FABLE XXXVII.

## The Sensitive-Plant and the Palm-Tree.

[FROM DODSLEY.]

THE SENSITIVE-PLANT, being brought out of the greenhouse, on a fine summer's day, and placed in a beautiful grove, adorned with the finest forest-trees, and the most curious plants, began to give himself great airs, and to treat all that were about him with much petulance and disdain.

“Lord!” says he, “how could the Gardener think of setting me among a parcel of trees! gross, inanimate things; mere vegetables, and perfect stocks! Sure, he does not take *me* for a common plant, when he knows, that I have the sense of feeling in a more exquisite degree than he has himself: it really shocks me to see into what wretched low company he has introduced me. It is more than the delicacy of my constitution, and the extreme tenderness of my nerves, can bear. Pray, Mrs. Acacia, stand a little farther off, and do not presume quite so much upon your idle pretence of being my cousin. Good Mr. Citron, keep your distance, I beseech you; your strong scent quite overpowers me. Friend PALM-TREE, your offensive shade is really more than I am able to support.”

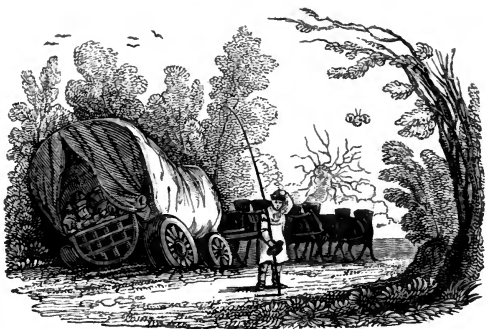
The lofty PALM-TREE, as he was shooting up his head with the more vigour under the weight that

was hung upon it, condescended to rebuke the impertinent creature in the following manner: "Thou vegetable fribble! learn to know thyself, and thy own worthlessness and insignificance. Thou valuest thyself on a vicious softness, a false delicacy; the very defect and imbecility of thy nature. What art thou good for, that shrinkest at a touch, and droopest at a breath of air; feeble and barren, a perpetual torment to thyself, and wholly useless to others? Whereas we, whom thou treatest with such disdain, make a grateful return to man for his care of us: some of us yield him fruit, others are serviceable to him by our strength and firmness; we shade him from the heat of the sun, and defend him from the violence of the winds; I am particularly distinguished for my hardiness and perseverance, my steadiness and constancy; and, on account of those very qualities which thou wantest, and affectest to despise, have the honour to be made the emblem of conquest, and the reward of the conqueror."

#### MORAL.

Some seek distinction even in a failing,  
And like to seem fastidious, weak, and ailing;  
Give me the youth, that's hardy, brave, and kind,  
His honest face the index of his mind.





FABLE XXXVIII.

The Waggoner and the Butterfly,

[From the Polish of KRASICKI.]

THE rain so soft had made the road,  
That, in a rut, a waggon-load,  
The poor man's harvest, (bitter luck!)  
Sank down a foot, and there it stuck.  
He whipp'd his horses, but in vain;  
They pull'd and splash'd, and pull'd again,  
But vainly still; the slippery soil  
Defied their strength, and mock'd their toil.  
Panting they stood, with legs outspread;  
The driver stood, and scratch'd his head:  
(A common custom, by-the-by,  
When people know not what to try,  
Tho' not, it seems, a remedy.)

A BUTTERFLY, in flower conceal'd,  
 Had travell'd with them from the field ;  
 Who in the waggon was thrown up,  
 While feasting on a buttercup.  
 The panting of each lab'ring beast  
 Disturb'd her at her fragrant feast ;  
 The sudden stop, the driver's sigh,  
 Awoke her gen'rous sympathy.  
 And seeing the distressing case,  
 She cried, while springing from her place,  
 (Imagining her tiny freight  
 A vast addition to the weight,)  
 " I must have pity—and be gone,  
 Now, master WAGGONER, drive on."

## MORAL.

Do not admire this BUTTERFLY,  
 Young reader ; I will tell you why :  
 At first, good nature seems a cause,  
 Why she should merit your applause ;  
 But 'twas conceit, that fill'd her breast :  
 Her self-importance made a jest  
 Of what might otherwise have claim'd  
 Your praise,—but now she must be blam'd.  
 Should any case occur, when you  
 May have some friendly act to do ;  
 Give all *your feeble aid*—as such,  
 But estimate it not too much.

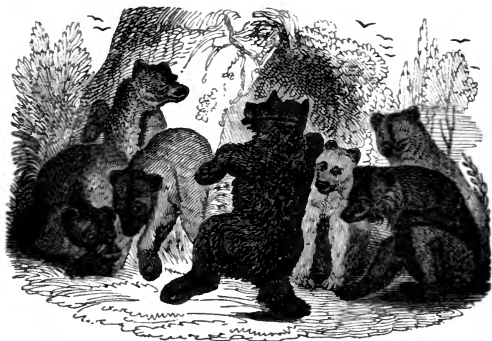
## FABLE XXXIX.

*The Husbandman and the Stork.*

[FROM CROXALL.]

THE HUSBANDMAN pitched a net in his fields to take the Cranes and Geese which came to feed upon the new-sown corn, and caught several, both Cranes and Geese. Among them was a STORK, who pleaded hard for his life; and among other apologies which he made, alleged, that he was neither Goose nor Crane, but a poor harmless STORK. "That may be true," replies the HUSBANDMAN; "but, as I have taken you in bad company, and in the same crime, you must expect to suffer the same punishment."





## FABLE XL.

### The Dancing Bear.

[From the German of GELLERT.]

A DANCING BEAR was poorly fed,  
Who daily earn'd his master's bread ;  
For the ungrateful, stingy elf,  
Ate almost all he bought, himself ;  
Though to a competence advancing,  
By BRUIN'S most attractive dancing.

Up in a room, two stories high,  
Nick-named the parlour next the sky,  
Bound to a chair, by thong of leather,  
He and his master lived together :—

*Lived*, did I say?—I there was wrong;  
He starved upon his leathern thong;  
Except a mouldy crust or two,  
Which, at the window, children threw,  
Just high enough for him to see,  
And sometimes catch one out of three.

One morning, while his master slept,  
Poor BRUIN down stairs softly crept;  
(His gnaw'd and nibbled leathern chain,  
By little tugging, broke in twain;)  
Hunger, I fancy, taught him cunning;  
And dancing lessons taught him running.

The wood that gave him birth was near;  
But, ah!—what voice salutes his ear?  
No friendly voice:—it was his master,—  
Which only made him run the faster;  
And, surely, it will do you good  
To hear he gain'd his native wood.

His brother and his sister Bears,  
Their daughters, and their sons and heirs,  
Join'd chorus in this friendly strain,—  
“Dear BRUIN! welcome home again!”  
And then they hugg'd their worthy brother,  
And jump'd for joy with one another.

Such various questions now they ask,  
To answer was no easy task;

What he had learn'd,—where he had been,—  
And to relate what he had seen ;  
And so he thought the shortest way  
Was to begin with *Assemblée* ;  
And so proceed, from *Pirouette*,  
To *Pas de Casque*, *Coupée*, *Poussette*.

With wonder gazed the shaggy ranks,  
And tried to imitate his pranks ;  
But, after many a vain endeavour,  
They all as awkward were as ever ;  
And various antics, slips, and tumbling,  
Produced, of course, much growl and grumbling ;  
And as he seem'd accusom'd more  
To stand on two legs than on four,  
They all grew tired, and rather vex'd ;  
And, fearing he might venture next  
On something else, to make them stare,  
More unbecoming in a BEAR,  
They drove him back, with much disdain,  
To dance to gaping crowds again ;  
Crying :—" Ere next you come this way,  
Learn something useful, BRUIN, pray."

## FABLE XLI.

*The Two Bees.*

[FROM DODSLEY.]

ON a fine morning in May, two BEES set forward in quest of honey ; the one, wise and temperate ; the other, careless and extravagant. They soon arrived at a garden enriched with aromatic herbs, the most fragrant flowers, and the most delicious fruits. They regaled themselves for a time on the various dainties that were set before them : the one loading his thigh at intervals with provisions for the hive against the distant winter ; the other revelling in sweets, without regard to any thing but his present gratification.

At length, they found a wide-mouthed vial, that hung beneath the bough of a peach-tree, filled with honey ready tempered, and exposed to their taste in the most alluring manner. The thoughtless Epicure, spite of all his friend's remonstrances, plunged headlong into the vessel, resolving to indulge himself in all the pleasures of sensuality. The Philosopher, on the other hand, sipped a little with caution, but being suspicious of danger, flew off to fruits and flowers ; where, by the moderation of his meals, he improved his relish for the true enjoyment of them.

In the evening, however, he called upon his friend, to inquire whether he would return to the hive ; but

found him surfeited in sweets, which he was as unable to leave as to enjoy. Clogged in his wings, enfeebled in his feet, and his whole frame totally enervated, he was but just able to bid his friend adieu, and to lament, with his latest breath, that though a taste of pleasure may quicken the relish of life, an unrestrained indulgence is inevitable destruction.

MORAL.

Moderation and intemperance reward and punish themselves.







## FABLE XLII.

### The Hare and many Friends.

[From GAY.]

A HARE, who, in a civil way,  
Complied with every thing, like GAY,  
Was known by all the bestial train,  
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain.

As forth she went, at early dawn,  
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,  
Behind, she hears the hunter's cries,  
And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies.  
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;  
She hears the near approach of death;

She doubles, to mislead the hound,  
And measures back her mazy round;  
Till, fainting in the public way,  
Half dead with fear, she gasping lay :—  
What transport in her bosom grew,  
When first the HORSE appear'd in view !

“ Let me,” says she, “ your back ascend,  
And owe my safety to a friend ;  
You know my feet betray my flight ;  
To friendship, ev'ry burthen's light.”

The HORSE replied,—“ Poor, honest PUSS !  
It grieves my heart to see thee thus :  
Be comforted,—relief is near ;  
For all our friends are in the rear.”

She next the stately BULL implor'd,  
And thus replied the mighty lord :—  
“ Since ev'ry beast alive can tell,  
That I sincerely wish you well,  
I may, without offence, pretend  
To take the freedom of a friend :—  
Love calls me hence ; a fav'rite cow  
Expects me near yon barley-mow ;  
And when a lady's in the case,  
You know, all other things give place.  
To leave you thus, may seem unkind ;  
But see,—the GOAT is just behind.”

The GOAT remark'd her pulse was high ;  
Her languid head, her heavy eye ;  
“ My back,” says she, “ may do you harm ;  
The SHEEP's at hand, and wool is warm.”

The SHEEP was feeble, and complain'd,  
His sides a load of wool sustain'd ;  
Said he was slow ; confess'd his fears ;  
For Hounds eat Sheep as well as Hares.

She now the trotting CALF address'd,  
To save from death a friend distress'd.  
“ Shall I,” says he, “ of tender age,  
In this important care engage ?  
Older and abler pass you by ;  
How strong are those ! how weak am I !  
Should I presume to bear you hence,  
Those friends of mine may take offence :  
Excuse me, then,—you know my heart ;  
But dearest friends, alas ! must part.  
How shall we all lament !—Adieu !  
For see, the Hounds are just in view.”

#### MORAL.

Friendships are single : who depend  
On many, rarely find a friend.

## FABLE XLIII.

**The Husbandman and his Sons.**

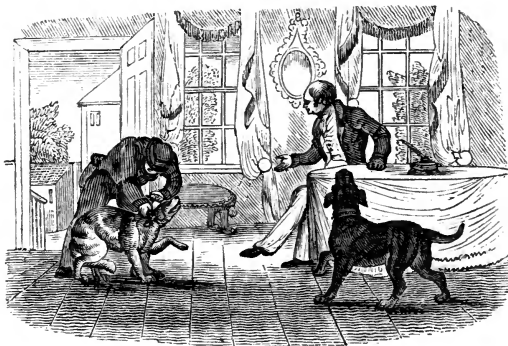
[FROM CROXALL.]

A CERTAIN HUSBANDMAN, lying at the point of death, and being desirous his SONS should pursue that innocent, entertaining course of agriculture, in which himself had been engaged all his life, made use of this expedient to induce them to it. He called them to his bed-side, and spoke to this effect:—"All the patrimony I have to bequeath to you, my SONS, is my farm and my vineyard, of which I make you joint-heirs. But I charge you not to let it go out of your own occupation: for, if I have any treasure besides, it lies buried somewhere in the ground, within a foot of the surface."

This made the SONS conclude that he talked of money which he had hidden there: so, after their father's death, with unwearied diligence and application, they carefully dug up every inch, both of the farm and vineyard. From which it came to pass, that though they missed of the treasure which they expected, the ground, by being so well stirred and loosened, produced so plentiful a crop of all that was sowed in it, as proved a real, and that no inconsiderable treasure.

**MORAL.**

Industry is itself a treasure.



## FABLE XLIV.

### The Cur and Mastiff.

[From GAY.]

A SNEAKING CUR, the master's spy,  
Rewarded for his daily lie,  
With secret jealousies and fears,  
Set all together by the ears.  
Poor puss to-day, was in disgrace,  
Another cat supplied her place ;  
The hound was beat, the MASTIFF chid,  
The monkey was the room forbid ;  
Each to his dearest friend grew shy,  
And none could tell the reason why.

A plan to rob the house was laid :  
The thief, with love, seduc'd the maid ;  
Cajol'd the CUR, and strok'd his head,  
And bought his secrecy with bread.  
He, next, the MASTIFF's honour tried,  
Whose honest jaws the bribe defied.  
He stretch'd his hand to proffer more,  
The surly dog his fingers tore.

Swift ran the CUR ; with indignation,  
The master took his information :  
“ Hang him, the villain's curst !” he cries ;  
And round his neck the halter ties.

The Dog his humble suit preferr'd,  
And begg'd, in justice, to be heard.  
The master sat ; on either hand  
The cited dogs confronting stand ;  
The CUR, the bloody tale relates,  
And, like a lawyer, aggravates.

“ Judge not unheard,” the MASTIFF cried,  
“ But weigh the cause of either side :  
Think not, that treach'ry can be just ;  
Take not informers' words on trust ;  
They ope their hands to ev'ry pay,  
And you and me, by turns, betray.”

His tale he told ; the truth appear'd ;  
The CUR was hang'd, the MASTIFF clear'd.

#### MORAL.

Liars are sure to be detected.

## FABLE XLV.

*The Butterfly, the Snail, and the Bee.*

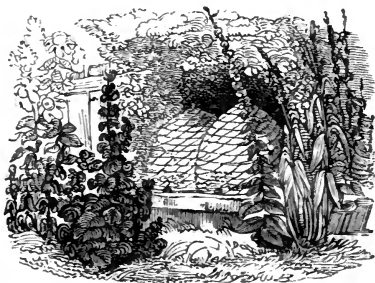
A BUTTERFLY, proudly perched on the gaudy leaves of a French Marigold, was boasting the vast extent and variety of his travels. "I have ranged," said he, "over the graceful and majestic scenes of nature, and have feasted my eyes with elegance and variety. I have wandered through regions of eglantine and honeysuckle; I have revelled in kisses, on beds of violets and cowslips; and have enjoyed the delicious fragrance of roses and carnations: in short, I have visited, with perfect freedom, all the flowers of the field or garden; and must be allowed to know the world, in a superlative degree."

A SNAIL, who hung, attentive to his wonders, on a cabbage, was struck with admiration, and concluded him to be the wisest of animal creatures. It happened, that a BEE pursued her occupation on a neighbouring bed of marjoram; and, having heard our ostentatious vagrant, reprimanded him in this manner:—"Vain, empty flutterer!" said she, "whom instruction cannot improve, nor experience itself enlighten!—Thou hast rambled over the world!—Wherein does thy knowledge of it consist? Thou hast seen variety of objects;—what conclusion hast thou drawn from them? Thou hast tasted of every amusement;—hast thou extracted any

thing for use? I, too, am a traveller. Go and look into my hive; and let my treasures intimate to thee, that the end of travelling is to collect materials, either for the use and emolument of private life, or for the advantage of the community."

MORAL.

Unless for knowledge 'tis you roam,  
'Twere better far to stay at home.





## FABLE XLVI.

## The Mouse and the Elephant.

[From the Italian of PIGNOTTI.]

A pert young MOUSE, but just arriv'd  
 From Athens, where some time he'd liv'd ;  
 And daily to the portico,  
 To pick up learning, used to go ;  
 Vain of the wisdom he had stor'd,  
 And of the books he had devour'd ;  
 Puff'd up with pride, and self-conceit,  
 And proud to shew his little wit,  
 Thus to an ELEPHANT, one day,  
 He took it in his head to say :—

“ Nay, not so pompous in your gait,  
 Because Dame Nature made you great ;  
 I tell you, sir, your mighty size  
 Is of no value in my eyes ;—  
 Your magnitude, I have a notion,  
 Is quite unfit for locomotion ;  
 When journeying far, you often prove  
 How sluggishly your feet can move :—  
 Now, look at me : I'm made to fly ;  
 Behold, with what rapidity  
 I skip about, from place to place,  
 And still unwearied with the race ;

But you,—how lazily you creep,  
And stop to breathe at every step !  
Whenever I your bulk survey,  
I pity—" What he meant to say,  
Or with what kind of peroration  
He'd have concluded his oration,  
I cannot tell ; for, all at once,  
There pounc'd upon the learned dunce  
An ambush'd Cat ; who, very soon,  
Experimentally, made known,  
That between MICE and ELEPHANTS  
There is a mighty difference.

MORAL.

When fools pretend to wit and sense,  
And wish to shine at your expense,  
Defy them to the proof, and you  
Will make them their own folly shew.

## FABLE XLVII.

*The Two Foxes.*

[From DODSLEY.]

TWO FOXES formed a stratagem to enter a hen-roost ; which, having successfully executed, and killed the cock, the hens, and the chickens, they began to feed upon them with singular satisfaction. One of the FOXES, who was young and inconsiderate, was for devouring them all upon the spot ; the other, who was old and covetous, proposed to reserve some of them for another time. “ For experience, child,” said he, “ has made me wise ; and I have seen many unexpected events since I came into the world. Let us provide, therefore, against what may happen, and not consume all our store at one meal.”

“ All this is wondrous wise,” replied the young Fox ; “ but, for my part, I am resolved not to stir, till I have eaten as much as will serve me a whole week : for who would be mad enough to return hither, when it is certain the owner of these fowls will watch for us ? and, if he should catch us, would certainly put us to death !”

After this short discourse, each pursued his own scheme : the young Fox eat till he burst himself, and had scarcely strength to reach his hole, before he died.

The old one, who thought it much better to deny his appetite for the present, and lay up provision for the future, returned the next day, and was killed by the Farmer.

MORAL.

The sins of youth and age (how hard to cure !)  
An equal share of punishment ensure.





FABLE XLVIII.

The Bull and the Mastiff.

[From GAY.]

AS on a time, in peaceful reign,  
A BULL enjoy'd the flow'ry plain,  
A MASTIFF pass'd ; inflam'd with ire,  
His eye-balls shot indignant fire ;  
He foam'd, he rag'd with thirst of blood.

Spurning the ground, the monarch stood,  
And roar'd aloud, " Suspend the fight ;  
In a whole skin go sleep to-night ;  
Or, tell me, ere the battle rage,  
What wrongs provoke thee to engage ?

Is it ambition fires thy breast?  
Or avarice, that ne'er can rest?  
From these alone unjustly springs  
The world-destroying wrath of kings."

The surly MASTIFF thus returns:—  
"Within my bosom glory burns;  
Like heroes of eternal name,  
Whom poets sing, I fight for fame.  
The butcher's spirit-stirring mind,  
To daily war my youth inclin'd;  
He train'd me to heroic deed;  
Taught me to conquer or to bleed."

"Curs'd Dog!" the BULL replied, "no more  
I wonder at thy thirst of gore;  
For thou (beneath a butcher train'd,  
Whose hands with cruelty are stain'd,  
His daily murders in thy view)  
Must, like thy tutor, blood pursue.  
Take, then, thy fate!"—With goring wound,  
At once he lifts him from the ground;  
Aloft the sprawling hero flies,—  
Mangled he falls, he howls, and dies.

#### MORAL.

'Tis education forms the youthful mind;  
As the twig's bent, so is the tree inclin'd:—  
For what we learn in youth, to that alone,  
In age, we are by second nature prone.

## FABLE XLIX.

*The Sportsman and the Spaniel.*

[From DODSLEY.]

AS a SPORTSMAN ranged the fields with his gun, attended by an experienced old SPANIEL, he happened to spring a Snipe, and, almost at the same instant, a covey of Partridges. Surprised at the accident, and divided in his aim, he let fly too hastily, and thus missed them both. "Ah, my good master!" said the SPANIEL, "you should never have two aims at once. Had you not been dazzled and seduced by the flattering hope of the Partridge, you would, most probably, have secured the Snipe."

## MORAL.

They who aim at too much, deserve (silly fools!)  
The fate of the boy who would sit on two stools.



## The Kite and the Nightingale.

[By MOORE.]

A KITE, whose daily toil was pillage,  
As great a thief as any left unshot,  
Had just been hooted from the village,  
Where he had nothing got.

He put the hen-yard in a strange uproar :  
But having miss'd his aim, was on the soar,  
To look out sharp for more.

When, oh ! a NIGHTINGALE fell in his way,  
And soon he seized the trembling prey.

“ O, spare me !” cried the herald of the spring ;  
“ Of wicked Tereus you shall hear me sing :  
I am all voice, and nothing fit to eat.”

“ Tereus ! Who's that ? What is it,—meat  
Good for a KITE ?”—“ No : 'twas a Thracian king ;—  
Then, hark ! I'll warble such a song,  
Of Progne's fate, Philomela's wrong,  
As needs must charm your ravish'd ear.”

“ All this is mighty fine, my dear,”

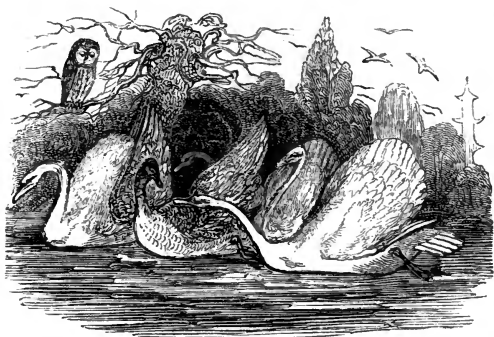
The famish'd KITE replies,

“ To talk of wind when belly croaks !  
You may amuse your kings and folks,  
With such like airy jokes.

Hunger has neither ears nor eyes.”

And saying this he kill'd his trembling prize.





## FABLE LI.

### The Ambitious Goose.

[From the German of LESSING.]

AMONG the vexations, our tempers to try,  
Sure, vanity brings us the largest supply :  
'Tis a failing, tho' common, all find of no use :  
I hope no young gent. will e'er act like my Goose.

The fowl that I speak of, a—fine-looking bird,—  
(How much I regret she could be so absurd !)  
Was so plump and so fat, of white plumage profuse,  
That she look'd like a very respectable Goose.

But it was not sufficient, in her silly mind,  
To act well in the station by Nature assign'd;  
She envied the SWANS, and she fled (with abuse)  
From her more humble tribe.—What a vain, giddy  
GOOSE!

To the lake then she waddled, and joining the SWAN,  
She stretch'd out her neck, and she tried to be one.  
But such laughter and scorn did her efforts produce,  
All the birds in the air mock'd the poor, silly GOOSE.

An Owl, who sat near, (for 'twas late in the day,)  
Did, with wisdom and truth, and much gravity, say:  
“By your freaks of ambition, and folly let loose,  
You're not only no SWAN, but a very bad GOOSE.”



## FABLE LII.

## The Old Swallow and the Young Birds.

[FROM DODSLEY.]

A SWALLOW, observing a husbandman employed in sowing hemp, called the little BIRDS together, and informed them what the farmer was about. He told them that hemp was the material from which the nets, so fatal to the feathered race, were composed; and advised them unanimously to join in picking it up, in order to prevent the consequences.

The BIRDS, either disbelieving his information, or neglecting his advice, gave themselves no trouble about the matter. In a little time, the hemp appeared above the ground: the friendly SWALLOW again addressed himself to them,—told them it was not yet too late, provided they would immediately set about the work, before the seeds had taken too deep root. But they still rejecting his advice, he forsook their society; repaired, for safety, to towns and cities; there built his habitation, and kept his residence.

One day, as he was skimming along the streets, he happened to see a great number of these very BIRDS, imprisoned in a cage, on the shoulders of a bird-catcher. “Unhappy wretches!” said he, “you now feel the pun-

ishment of your former neglect. But those who, having no foresight of their own, despise the wholesome admonition of their friends, deserve the mischiefs which their own obstinacy or negligence brings upon their heads."

MORAL.

This Fable teaches thoughtless youth,  
A most important moral truth :—  
The seeds, which prov'd the young birds' ruin,  
Are emblems of their own undoing,  
Should they neglect, while yet 'tis time,  
To pluck the early shoots of crime ;  
Or, in their own opinions wise,  
The counsel of their friends despise ;  
For evil habits, left to grow,  
Are ever sure to lead to woe ;  
But check'd in time, with vigorous hand,  
Will bend to virtue's firm command.



### FABLE LIII.

## The Nightingale and the Goldfinch.

[From the German of GELLERT.]

“COME, dear papa,” cried Theodore,  
“Come listen to this charming bird:—  
Sing, little warbler, sing once more  
The sweetest notes I ever heard.

And now, another bird I hear;  
But not of music such a treat;  
His note, though pleasing to my ear,  
Is not so strong, nor half so sweet.”

A lesson for his child in view,  
Of much more worth than song or tale,  
The father brought, in cages two,  
The GOLDFINCH and the NIGHTINGALE.

“ Look at these birds, observe them well,”

He said, “ and try (I do not jest)

If, by their looks, my boy can tell

Which is the bird that sings the best.”

How Theodore the GOLDFINCH prais'd,

With velvet head, and golden breast!

He cried, delighted, as he gaz'd,

“ This is the bird that sings the best.”

Then, turning to the NIGHTINGALE,

“ This little brown and dingy thing,”

He said, “ with dusky back and tail,

I'm pretty sure *he* cannot sing.”

The father cried, “ I see the cause,—

And, in the world 'tis likewise so ;

*There*, oft will beauty gain applause,

While talent must neglected go.

But learn, my boy, to wiser be,

And ne'er in outward shew confide ;

Which often proves, as soon you'll see,

A mask to hide conceit and pride.

Be talent, modesty, and worth,

Your objects when you seek a friend,

More to be prized than wealth or birth,

On which mere transient joys depend.”

## FABLE LIV.

## The Fox who had lost his Tail.

[FROM CROXALL.]

A Fox, having been unwarily caught in a trap, disengaged himself, at length, with much struggling and difficulty ; not, however, without being obliged to leave his tail behind him. The joy he felt at his escape, was somewhat abated when he began to consider the price he had paid for it ; and he was a good deal mortified, by reflecting on the ridiculous figure he should make among his brethren, without a tail. In the agitation of his thoughts, upon this occasion, an expedient occurred to him, which he resolved to try, in order to remove this disgraceful singularity.

With this view, he assembled his tribe together ; and set forth, in a most elaborate speech, how much he had at heart whatever tended to the public weal. " He had often thought," he said, " on the length and bushiness of their tails ; and was verily persuaded that they were much more burthensome than ornamental ; besides rendering them an easier prey to their enemies. He earnestly recommended them, therefore, to rid themselves of so useless and dangerous an incumbrance."

" My good friend," replied an old Fox, who had listened very attentively to his harangue, " we are much obliged to you, no doubt, for the concern you

express upon our account: but, pray, turn about before the company; for I cannot, for my life, help suspecting, that you would not be quite so solicitous to ease us of our tails, if you had not unluckily lost your own."

MORAL.

The knave, who falls into disgrace,  
And scarcely dares to shew his face,  
To make his neighbours share his shame,  
Would fain persuade them to the same.







## FABLE LV.

### The Vine.

[From the German of HERDER.]

THE trees were making each its boast  
Of beauty, worth, and power ;  
Each vainly thought itself the most  
Excelling shrub and flower.

The Cedar, of its firmness proud,  
Its fragrance and duration,  
Look'd down upon the leafy crowd,  
Bold in its rank and station.

The Palm thus claim'd from all, the meed  
Of homage and of duty :  
"In two great points I all exceed,—  
Utility and beauty."

The Fir, the Maple, and the Pine,  
By strength of form protected,  
Look'd down, with scorn, upon the VINE,  
Weak, helpless, and dejected.

"Alas! I own my feebleness;  
No friend," she cried, "is near me;  
Oh! who will pity my distress?  
Ah! nought have I to cheer me.

No branch, no blossom, fruit or stem,  
Like other trees possessing;  
I sigh when I compare with them,—  
Now, is it not distressing?

But, hold! I will not make complaint;  
Submission has been taught me;  
And though neglected, weak, and faint,  
Yet patience shall support me.

On cheering hope my trust relies;  
I know (though long I've waited)  
But for some purpose good and wise,  
I ne'er had been created."

The Farmer saw the drooping VINE,  
And set it near his bower ;  
Supported there, it grew, to shine  
In beauty, worth, and power.

A clust'ring store (delicious wealth!)  
Its leaves were soon displaying ;  
With comfort, cheerfulness, and health,  
The Farmer's care repaying.

For the rich treasure of the VINE  
Enlivens ev'ry station  
With its rich fruit and cheering wine ;  
Both good, in moderation.

And now the Farmer daily sees  
His charity rewarded ;  
The VINE's reward for patient hope,  
I have above recorded.

#### MORAL.

Patience and resignation are sure to meet their  
reward.

## FABLE LVI.

## The Two Springs.

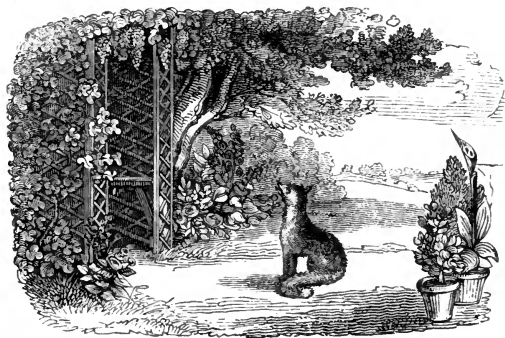
[From DODSLEY.]

TWO SPRINGS, which issued from the same mountain, began their course together: one of them took her way in a silent and gentle stream, while the other rushed along with a sounding and rapid current. "Sister," said the latter, "at the rate you move, you will probably be dried up, before you advance much farther; whereas, for myself, I will venture a wager, that, within two or three hundred furlongs, I shall become navigable; and, after distributing commerce and wealth wherever I flow, I shall majestically proceed to pay my tribute to the ocean. So, farewell, dear sister! and patiently submit to your fate."

Her sister made no reply; but, calmly descending to the meadows below, increased her stream, by numberless little rills, which she collected in her progress, till, at length, she was enabled to rise into a considerable river; whilst the proud stream, who had the vanity to depend solely upon her own sufficiency, continued a shallow brook; and was glad, at last, to be helped forward, by throwing herself into the arms of her despised sister.

## MORAL.

His strength in words the blusterer vainly spends,  
While steadiness in quiet gains its ends.



FABLE LVII.

The Fox and the Grapes.

[FROM LA FONTAINE.]

A Fox, who having fail'd to pick,  
Though prowling all around the village,  
The bones of goose, or duck, or chick,  
Was bent on any sort of pillage ;

Saw, from a trellis, hanging high,  
Some GRAPES, with purple bloom inviting ;  
His jaws, with heat and hunger dry,  
The luscious fruit would fain be biting.

His carcass than a weasel thinner,  
Made him for ev'ry prize alert;  
He thought, though fortune brought no dinner,  
'Twas best secure a good dessert.

A tantalizing branch to gain,  
With many a spring, and many a bound,  
He strove; and finding all in vain,  
With this remark he quits the ground:

“ Let those who like such trash, devour;—  
I'll range elsewhere for better prog;  
These worthless GRAPES, so green and sour,  
Are scarcely fit to feed a hog!”





## FABLE LVIII.

### Mercury and the Woodman.

[FROM CROXALL.]

A MAN was felling a tree on the bank of a river, and, by chance, let his hatchet slip out of his hand, which dropped into the water, and immediately sunk to the bottom. Being, therefore, in great distress for the loss of it, he sat down and bemoaned himself most lamentably.

Upon this, MERCURY appeared to him, and being informed of the cause of his complaint, dived to the bottom of the river, and coming up again, showed the man a golden hatchet, demanding if that were his. He denied that it was. Upon which, MERCURY dived a

second time, and brought up a silver one. The man refused it; alleging, likewise, that this was not his. He dived a third time, and fetched up the individual hatchet the man had lost: upon sight of which the poor wretch was overjoyed, and took it with all humility and thankfulness. MERCURY was so pleased with the fellow's honesty, that he gave him the other two into the bargain, as a reward for his just dealing.

The man goes to his companions, and giving them an account of what had happened, one of them went presently to the river's side, and let his hatchet fall, designedly, into the stream. Then sitting down upon the bank, he fell a weeping and lamenting, as if he had been really and sorely afflicted. MERCURY appeared as before, and diving, brought him up a golden hatchet, asking if that was the hatchet he lost. Transported at the precious metal, he answered, "Yes!" and went to snatch it greedily. But the god, detesting his abominable impudence, not only refused to give him that, but would not so much as let him have his own hatchet again.

#### MORAL.

Honesty is the best policy.





FABLE LIX.

The Cookmaid, the Turnspit and the Ox.

[From GAY.]

WITH all the fury of a cook,  
Her cooler kitchen NAN forsook ;  
The broomstick o'er her head she waves ;  
She sweats, she stamps, she puffs, she raves.  
" The dinner must be dish'd at one ;  
Where's this vexatious TURNSPIT gone ?  
Unless the skulking Cur is caught,  
The surloin's spoil'd, and I'm in fault."  
The sneaking Cur before her flies ;  
She whistles, calls,—fair speech she tries ;

These nought avail :—her choler burns ;  
 The fist and cudgel threat by turns ;  
 With hasty stride she presses near ;  
 He slinks aloof, and howls with fear.  
 “ Was ever Cur so curs’d !” he cried ;  
 “ What star did at my birth preside ?  
 Am I, for life, by compact bound  
 To tread the wheel’s eternal round ?  
 Inglorious task ! Of all our race,  
 No slave is half so mean and base.  
 Had fate a kinder lot assign’d,  
 And form’d me of the lap-dog kind,  
 I then, in higher life employ’d,  
 Had indolence and ease enjoy’d ;  
 And, like a gentleman, caress’d,  
 Had been the lady’s fav’rite guest ;  
 Or, were I sprung from Spaniel line,  
 Were his sagacious nostril mine,  
 By me, their never-erring guide,  
 From wood and plain their feasts supplied ;  
 Knights, squires, attendant on my pace,  
 Had shar’d the pleasures of the chase.  
 Endu’d with native strength and fire,  
 Why call’d I not the lion sire ?  
 A lion !—such mean views I scorn ;—  
 Why was I not of woman born ?”

An Ox, by chance, o’erheard his moan,  
 And thus rebuk’d the lazy drone :—

“ Dare you at partial fate repine?  
How kind’s your lot, compar’d with mine!  
Decreed to toil, the barb’rous knife  
Hath sever’d me from social life;  
Urg’d by the stimulating goad,  
I drag the cumb’rous waggon’s load:  
’Tis mine to tame the stubborn plain,  
Break the stiff soil, and house the grain;  
Yet I, without a murmur, bear  
The various labours of the year.  
But then, consider, that, one day,  
(Perhaps the hour’s not far away)  
You, by the duties of your post,  
Shall turn the spit, when I’m the roast;  
And, for reward, shall share the feast:—  
I mean, shall pick my bones, at least.”

“ ‘Till now,” the astonish’d Cur replies,  
“ I look’d on all with envious eyes.  
How false we judge by what appears!  
All creatures feel their several cares.  
If thus yon mighty beast complains,  
Perhaps man knows superior pains.”

#### MORAL.

’Tis murmur, discontent, distrust,  
That make us wretched :—God is just.

## The Mice and the Trap.

[From the Dutch.]

ONCE upon a time, the MICE saw a broiled rasher of bacon, hanging up in a very little room, the door of which being open, enticed them to fall on with greedy appetites. But some of them took particular notice, that there was but one way into the room, and, by consequence, but one way to get out of it; so that, if that door, by misfortune or art, should chance to be shut, they would all be inevitably taken: they could not, therefore, find in their hearts to venture in; but said, that they had rather content themselves with homely fare, in safety, than, for the sake of a dainty bit, to run the danger of being taken, and lost for ever.

The other MICE, who were looked upon to be great epicures, declared that they saw no danger; and, therefore, ran into the room, and fell to eating the bacon with great delight: but they soon heard the door fall down, and saw that they were all taken. Then the fear of approaching death so seized them, that they found no relish in their exquisite food; and immediately came the Cook, who had set the TRAP, and killed them: but the others, who had contented themselves with their usual food, fled into their holes, and, by that means, preserved their lives.



## FABLE LXI.

### Wine and Water.

[From the Polish Fables of KRASICKI.]

A PARTY of pleasure their sandwiches took,  
In the shade of a willow, that hung o'er a brook ;  
A bottle of WINE, that stood ready for drinking,  
Thus spoke to the WATER (I think, without thinking):—

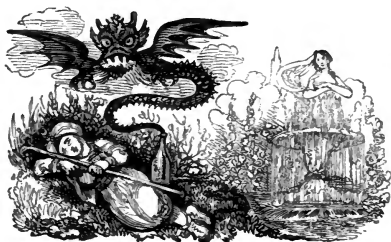
“ How much more than *you* to be envied am *I* !  
The drink of the titled and rich I supply ;  
While you (I could never endure it, I'm sure,)  
Are stood in by cattle, and drank by the poor.”

“ I own,” said the WATER, with modest reply,  
“ Your grandeur.—I never aspire so high :  
I know the rich think me their notice below,  
Except just for washing their faces, or so.

If to boasting inclin'd, I have reason,—for see  
Yon group of young swimmers, delighting in me.  
To give pleasure and health to them, only is *mine* ;  
For who ever bathed in a river of WINE?

Then look at the strength of the lads in this place ;  
Who, contented with me, have such health in their face ;  
They work for your master, and frugally dine,  
And gain him the money to pay for his WINE.

They envy him not, nor do I envy *you* ;  
The rich are but mortals,—the poor are so too :  
The rich *may* be happy with WINE and the gout ;  
But pray let the poor man be happy without."





## FABLE LXII.

### The Old Hen and Young Cock.

[From GAY.]

AS an old HEN led forth her train,  
And seem'd to peck, to shew the grain ;  
She rak'd the chaff, she scratch'd the ground,  
And glean'd the spacious yard around.  
A giddy chick, to try her wings,  
On the well's narrow margin springs,  
And prone she drops. The mother's breast  
All day with sorrow was possess'd.

A Cock she met—her son, she knew ;  
And, in her heart affection grew.

“My son,” says she, “I grant, your years  
Have reach’d beyond a mother’s cares ;  
I see you vig’rous, strong, and bold ;  
I hear, with joy, your triumphs told.  
’Tis not from Cocks thy fate I dread ;  
But let thy ever-wary tread  
Avoid yon well ; that fatal place  
Is sure perdition to our race.  
Print this, my counsel, on thy breast ;  
To the just gods I leave the rest.”

He thank’d her care ; yet, day by day,  
His bosom burn’d to disobey ;  
And ev’ry time the well he saw,  
Scorn’d, in his heart, the foolish law ;  
Near and more near, each day he drew,  
And long’d to try the dang’rous view.

“Why was this idle charge ?” he cries ;  
“Let courage female fears despise !  
Or, did she doubt my heart was brave,  
And, therefore, this injunction gave ?  
Or, does her harvest store the place,  
A treasure for her younger race ?  
And would she thus my search prevent ?—  
I stand resolv’d, and dare th’ event.”

Thus said, he mounts the margin’s round,  
And pries into the depth profound.



He stretch'd his neck ; and, from below,  
With stretching neck advanc'd a foe :  
With wrath his ruffled plumes he rears ;  
The foe with ruffled plumes appears :  
'Threat answer'd threat, his fury grew ;  
Headlong to meet the war he flew ;  
But when the wat'ry death he found,  
He thus lamented as he drown'd :  
" I ne'er had been in this condition,  
Had I obey'd the prohibition."

## MORAL.

Obey your parents, or 'twill be your fate,  
To feel repentance when it comes too late.



**The Fox, the Raven, and the Dove.**

[From the Dutch.]

A Fox, who was half-starved with hunger, stretched himself all along upon the ground, and lay as if he were dead, that he might entice the harmless birds to come within his reach, and then leap of a sudden upon them, and make them his prey ; but it happened that a RAVEN, who was hovering near him, observed that he fetched his breath ; and, by consequence, found it to be only a trick in him to catch the birds. She, therefore, instantly gave them notice of it ; and forewarned them, as they valued their own lives, not to come within reach of the Fox, who only feigned himself to be dead.

The Fox, finding his plot to be discovered, was obliged to go away hungry ; but soon bethought himself of another invention : which was, to go and kennel himself in a hollow tree, upon which a Dove had her nest, and was breeding up her young ones. Having done this, he called to her, that, unless she would throw down to him sometimes one of her eggs, and sometimes one of her young ones, he would climb up the tree, take away all her eggs, kill both her and her young, and break her nest to pieces.

The harmless Dove, thinking of two ills to choose the least, did as the Fox required her ; and threw him

down, now one of her eggs, and then one of her young ones. Having done so, for some time, with a great deal of grief and sorrow, and the Fox continuing still to demand it of her, she, at last, made her complaint to the RAVEN, who chanced to come and perch herself on the same tree; grievously bemoaning her fate, that she, like a good mother, to provide for her children, was at last obliged to make them a sacrifice to such a villain. But the RAVEN, who was not so timorous as she, advised her, whenever the Fox threatened her again, that he would kill both her and her young, if she would not throw one of them down to him, to answer him roundly,—“If you could have flown or climbed up the tree, you would not have been so often contented with one of my eggs, or of my young; but would, long since, according to your ravenous and blood-thirsty nature, have devoured both me and them.” In short, the next time the Fox came, and threatened her as before, she replied as the RAVEN had instructed her.

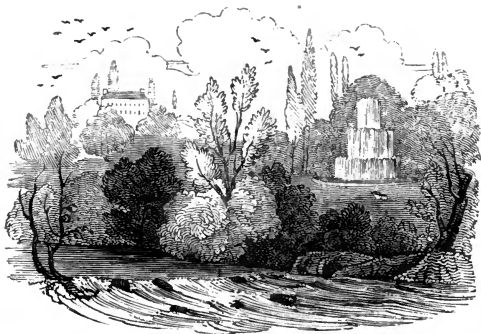
The Fox, hearing her answer, and knowing very well that she was not so wise and cunning of herself, resolved to find out the truth of the matter; and, at length, came to understand that it was the RAVEN who had been her counsellor. He, therefore, vowed to be revenged on her, who had now, the second time, hindered him from getting his prey. Not long after, he espied her, sitting on a high thorn-tree; and, going

to her, began to praise her at a mighty rate,—magnifying her good fortune above that of all other beasts, who could neither fly like her, nor tread the ground with so majestic a gait: adding, withal, that it would be a great pleasure to him to see her lordly walk; that he might, from thence, be certain whether she were indeed so divine and prophetic a bird, as men had always held her to be.

The RAVEN, transported to hear herself thus praised to the skies, flew down; and, pitching upon the ground, walked to and fro, in mighty pomp and state. The Fox seemed highly delighted; and said, that he extremely wondered how the RAVEN could keep upon the ground, when the wind blew her feathers over her eyes, and hindered her sight; but chiefly when it blew before, behind, and on all sides of her. “I can very well provide against that,” said the RAVEN; “for then I hide my head under my left wing.” “How!” cries the Fox; “hide your head under your left wing! So wonderful a thing I can never believe, till I see it.” Immediately the RAVEN put her head under her left wing, and held it there so long, that the Fox caught hold of her, and killed her for his prey.

#### MORAL.

So must they fare, who give good advice to others, but have not discretion enough to follow it themselves.



#### FABLE LXIV.

### The Brook and the Fountain.

[From the Polish of KRASICKI.]

A FOUNTAIN varied gambols played,  
Close by an humble BROOK ;  
While gently murmuring thro' the glade,  
Its peaceful course it took.

Perhaps it gave one envious gaze  
Upon the FOUNTAIN's height,  
While glittering in the morning rays,  
Pre-eminently bright.

In all the colours of the sky,  
Alternately it shone :  
The BROOK observed it with a sigh,  
But quietly roll'd on.

The owner of the FOUNTAIN died ;  
Neglect soon brought decay ;  
The bursting pipes were ill-supplied ;  
The FOUNTAIN ceased to play.  
But still the BROOK its peaceful course  
Continued to pursue ;  
Her ample, inexhausted source,  
From Nature's fount she drew.  
“ Now,” said the BROOK, “ I bless my fate,  
My shewy rival gone ;  
Contented in its native state  
My little stream rolls on.  
And all the world has cause, indeed,  
To own, with grateful heart,  
How much great Nature's works excel  
The feeble works of art.”

## MORAL.

Humble usefulness is preferable to idle splendour.





## FABLE LXV.

### The Sheep-Biter and the Shepherd.

[FROM CROXALL.]

A CERTAIN SHEPHERD had a DOG, upon whose fidelity he relied very much : for, whenever he had an occasion to be absent himself, he committed the care of the flock to the charge of his DOG ; and, to encourage him to do his duty cheerfully, he fed him constantly with sweet curds and whey, and sometimes threw him a crust or two extraordinary : yet, notwithstanding this, no sooner was his back turned, but the treacherous cur fell foul upon the flock, and devoured the SHEEP, instead

of guarding and defending them. The SHEPHERD, being informed of this, was resolved to hang him.

The DOG, when the rope was about his neck, and he was just going to be tied up, began to expostulate with his master,—asking him, why he was so unmercifully bent against him, who was his own servant and creature, and had only committed one or two crimes ; and why he did not rather execute revenge upon the Wolf, who was a constant and declared enemy. “Nay,” replies the SHEPHERD, “it is for that very reason that I think you ten times more worthy of death than he:—from him, I expected nothing but hostilities ; and, therefore, could guard against him : you, I depended upon as a just and faithful servant, and fed and encouraged you accordingly ; and, therefore, your treachery is the more notorious, and your ingratitude the more unpardonable.”

#### MORAL.

A known enemy is better than a treacherous friend.





## FABLE LXVI.

### The Miser and Plutus.

[From GAY.]

THE wind was high, the window shakes,  
With sudden start, the MISER wakes ;  
Along the silent room he stalks,  
Looks back, and trembles as he walks :  
Each lock, and ev'ry bolt he tries ;  
In ev'ry creek and corner pries ;  
Then opes the chest, with treasure stor'd,  
And stands in rapture o'er his hoard ;  
But now, with sudden qualms possess'd,  
He wrings his hands, he beats his breast.

By conscience stung, he wildly stares,  
And thus his guilty soul declares:—

“ Had the deep earth her stores confin’d,  
This heart had known sweet peace of mind.  
But virtue’s sold.—Good gods! what price  
Can recompense the pangs of vice?

O bane of good! seducing cheat!

Can man, weak man, thy power defeat?

Gold banish’d honour from the mind,

And only left the name behind;

Gold sow’d the world with ev’ry ill;

Gold taught the murd’rer’s sword to kill;

’Twas gold instructed coward hearts

In treach’ry’s more pernicious arts.

Who can recount the mischiefs o’er?

Virtue resides on earth no more!”

He spoke, and sigh’d. In angry mood,

Plutus, his god, before him stood:

The MISER, trembling, lock’d his chest;

The vision frown’d, and thus address’d:—

“ Whence is this vile, ungrateful rant?

Each sordid rascal’s daily cant.

Did I, base wretch! corrupt mankind?

The fault’s in thy rapacious mind.

Because my blessings are abus’d,

Must I be censur’d, curs’d, accus’d?—

Ev’n virtue’s self, by knaves, is made

A cloak to carry on their trade;

And pow'r (when lodg'd in their possession)  
Grows tyranny and rank oppression.  
'Thus, when the villain crams his chest,  
Gold is the canker of his breast ;  
'Tis avarice, insolence, and pride,  
And ev'ry shocking vice beside ;  
But when to virtuous hands 'tis given,  
It blesses, like the dews of heav'n :  
Like heav'n, it hears the orphan's cries,  
And wipes the tears from widows' eyes.  
Their crimes on gold shall MISERS lay,  
Who pawn'd their sordid souls for pay ?  
Let bravoës, then, (when blood is spilt,)  
Upbraid the passive sword with guilt."

## MORAL.

Riches, well employed, are a blessing ; when abused, a  
curse.





FABLE LXVII.

The Countryman and the Raven.

[From COWPER.]

A RAVEN, while with glossy breast,  
Her new laid eggs she fondly press'd,  
And, on her wicker-work high mounted,  
Her chickens prematurely counted.  
(A fault, philosophers might blame,  
If quite exempted from the same,)  
Enjoyed at ease the genial day ;  
'Twas April, as the bumpkins say ;—  
The legislature call'd it May ;  
But suddenly, a wind, as high  
As ever swept a winter's sky,

Shook the young leaves about her ears,  
And filled her with a thousand fears,  
Lest the rude blast should snap the bough,  
And spread her golden hopes below.  
But just at eve the blowing weather,  
And all her fears, were hush'd together.  
"And now," quoth poor unthinking Ralph,  
" 'Tis over, and the brood is safe."  
(For RAVENS, though as birds of omen,  
They teach both conjurors and old women ;  
To tell us what is to befall,  
Can't prophesy themselves at all.)  
The morning came, when neighbour Hodge,  
Who long had mark'd her airy lodge,  
And destined all the treasure there,  
A gift to his expecting fair,  
Climb'd, like a squirrel to his dray,  
And bore the worthless prize away.

## MORAL.

Safety consists not in escape  
From dangers of a frightful shape ;  
Fate steals along with silent tread,  
Found oftenest in what least we dread ;  
Frowns in the storm with angry brow,  
But in the sunshine strikes the blow.

## FABLE LXVIII.

*The Fox and the Swallow.*

[From DODSLEY.]

A Fox, swimming across a river, happened to be entangled in some weeds, that grew near the bank, from which he was unable to extricate himself. As he lay thus exposed to whole swarms of flies, who were galling him, and sucking his blood, a SWALLOW, observing his distress, kindly offered to drive them away. "By no means," said the Fox; "for, if these should be chased away, who are already sufficiently gorged, another more hungry swarm would succeed; and I should be robbed of every remaining drop of blood in my veins."

## MORAL.

Better submit to a little ill,  
Than run the risk of a greater still.





## FABLE LXIX.

### The Angler and Little Fish.

[FROM CROXALL.]

A MAN was angling in a river, and caught a small PERCH, which, as he was taking off the hook, and going to put into his basket, opened its mouth, and began to implore his pity, begging that he would throw it into the river again.

Upon the man's demanding what reason he had to expect such a favour; "Why," says the FISH, "because, at present, I am but young and little; and,

consequently, not so well worth your while, as I shall be, if you take me some time hence, when I shall be grown larger."

"That may be," replies the man; "but I am not one of those fools, who quit a certainty in expectation of an uncertainty. As I have got you, I will keep you." So saying, he threw him into the basket among the rest of the fishes.

#### MORAL.

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.





## FABLE LXX.

**The Robin and the Rook.**

[From Sentimental Fables.]

A ROBIN, cheerful, blithe, and gay,  
 Who, titt'ring, hopp'd from spray to spray,  
 And never ceas'd to chirp or sing,  
 In winter's cold, or warmth of spring;  
 Was always in an easy frame,—  
 Whatever happen'd, still the same :  
 In the best light he'd all things view ;  
 Enjoy'd each moment as it flew ;  
 Nor heard the croaking bird that chatters  
 Of evils, death, and such-like matters.

As through the air he skimm'd along,  
 His journey short'ning with a song,  
 In view some lofty trees appear'd,  
 From whence loud, dismal moans, he heard :  
 A Rook was screaming o'er her brood ;  
 Perpetual cawings fill'd the wood.

He stopp'd ; when thus the Rook address'd  
 The lovely bird with ruddy breast :—  
 “ I grieve to see thy careless state ;  
 Oh ! blind to the decrees of fate :  
 The brumal time will prove severe ;  
 Dost thou nor cold nor hunger fear ?  
 Nor tremble, lest the fowler's art  
 Should break thy wing, or pierce thy heart ?

Grim death, in vain to shun you try ;  
For birds, as well as men, must die."

The ROBIN listen'd, smil'd, and said :—  
" What gloomy thoughts your mind invade !  
Where restless cares the heart possess,  
Imagin'd woes will cause distress.  
What grief you may from fear contrive,  
Of evils that may ne'er arrive !  
Surely, it's time enough to feel  
Death when it comes,—that certain ill.  
Will constant groanings render light  
Our pains?—or sighs and sobs delight?  
O'erwhelm'd in fancied miseries,  
The mind in sorrow torpid lies.  
Would you the sweets of life enjoy,  
Your thoughts on beauteous scenes employ ;  
Let Nature's bounty still impart  
A grateful pleasure to your heart ;  
And, all your wants supplied, return  
Heart-cheering thanks, and cease to mourn  
If you'd be easy, thus you must  
Behave ; and, for the future, trust."

In solemn tone, the ROOK replied :—  
" To curb my thoughts I've often tried ;  
But chas'd in vain ; recoiling back,  
They're like my feathers, dark and black.

I, therefore, choose to live alone ;  
For life itself's a burthen grown.  
A thousand ills distract my brains,  
And fear inflicts a thousand pains :  
Sour discontent and murmurs rise ;  
Horror within my bosom lies :—  
Wretched by day, I hate the light,  
Yet dread the darkness of the night."

The cheerful bird with pity looks  
On foolish, self-tormenting Rooks :  
He quits the wood, all birds forsakes,  
And near a cot his dwelling makes.

Now squalid storms deform the year ;  
Earth's bound in frost, the snows appear ;  
When, flutt'ring at the window, he  
Is welcom'd by the family :  
'The pretty guest his host preserv'd ;  
The gloomy, wand'ring Rook, was starv'd.

#### MORAL.

When active reason rules within,  
The mind's compos'd, and quite serene ;  
Is always open to receive  
Whatever pleasures life can give ;  
And thus, secure from all distress,  
Can raise content to happiness.

## FABLE LXXI.

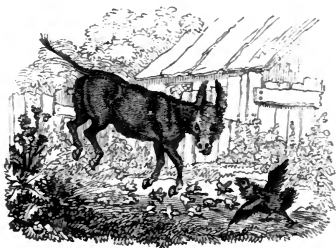
## The Boys and the Frogs.

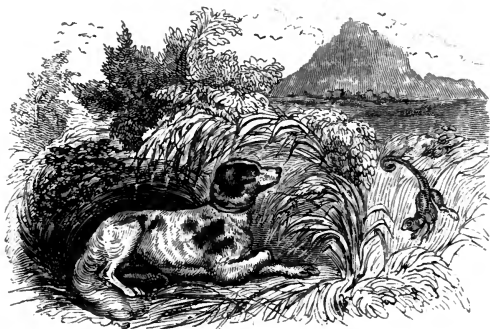
[From DODSLEY.]

ON the margin of a large lake, which was inhabited by a great number of FROGS, a company of Boys happened to be at play. Their diversion was duck and drake; and whole volleys of stones were thrown into the water, to the great annoyance and danger of the poor terrified FROGS. At length, one of the most hardy, lifting up his head above the surface of the lake:—"Ah! dear children!" said he, "why will ye learn so soon to be cruel?—Consider, I beseech you, that though this may be sport to *you*, it is death to *us*."

## MORAL.

A noble mind disdains to gain  
Its pleasure from another's pain.





FABLE LXXII.

The Spaniel and the Chameleon.

[From GAY.]

A SPANIEL, bred with all the care,  
That waits upon a fav'rite heir,  
Ne'er felt correction's rigid hand ;  
Indulg'd to disobey command ;  
In pamper'd ease his hours were spent ;  
He never knew what learning meant.  
Each little mischief gain'd him praise ;  
How pretty were his fawning ways !

The wind was south, the morning fair,  
He ventures forth to take the air ;  
He ranges all the meadow round,  
And rolls upon the softest ground ;

When near him a CHAMELEON seen,  
Was scarce distinguish'd from the green.

“ Dear emblem of the flatt’ring host,  
What, live with clowns ! a genius lost !  
To cities and the court repair ;  
A fortune cannot fail thee there.

Preferment shall thy talents crown ;  
Believe me, friend, I know the town.”

“ Sir,” says the sycophant, “ like you,  
Of old, politer life I knew ;  
Like you, a courtier born and bred ;  
Kings lean’d an ear to what I said ;  
My whisper always met success ;  
The ladies prais’d me for address.  
I knew to hit each courtier’s passion,  
And flatter’d every vice in fashion.  
But Jove, who hates the liar’s ways,  
At once cut short my prosp’rous days ;  
And, sentenc’d to retain my nature,  
Transform’d me to this crawling creature :  
Doom’d to a life obscure and mean,  
I wander in the sylvan scene.  
For Jove the heart alone regards ;  
He punishes what man rewards.  
How different is thy case and mine !  
With men, at least, you sup and dine ;  
While I, condemn’d to thinnest fare,  
Like those I flatter’d, feed on air.”

## FABLE LXXIII.

## The Boy and the Wasp.

[ FROM PIGNOTTI. ]

AMONG a garden's shrubs and flowers,  
Which just had drunk spring's genial showers,  
With tottering step, a lively child  
Sported about, with rapture wild.  
A gilded WASP, with venom'd sting,  
Circled about on busy wing;  
And, round and round, he buzzing flew;  
Now farther off, now nearer drew:  
His gold and splendour soon decoy,  
The sportive, unsuspecting Boy;  
Who, greedy of the glittering prize,  
To catch the insect vainly tries:  
The WASP escapes from place to place,  
The Boy pursues in eager chase,—  
Just as he deem'd he'd caught his prey,  
The nimble insect stepp'd away;  
Till tired, at last, he sought repose  
Upon the bosom of a Rose;  
The attentive Boy, with silent steps,  
Towards the flower on tip-toe creeps;  
And cautious, now, lest he should lose  
His wished-for prey, he seized the Rose,  
And held, within his ardent grasp,  
The flower, together with the WASP;

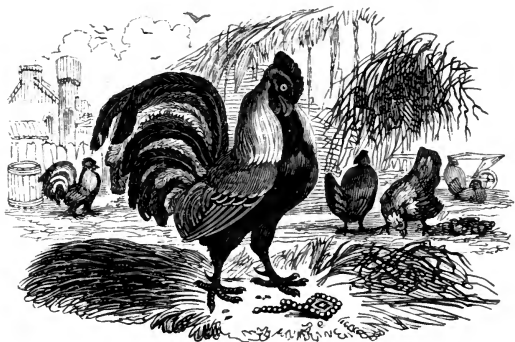
Who, thus assaulted, angry grew,  
And, from its sheath, his weapon drew,  
And straight transfix'd the tender hand,  
By which he roughly was detain'd.  
The luckless Boy now shriek'd with pain,  
And never chas'd a Wasp again.

MORAL.

Learn from this fable, thoughtless youth,  
Of which, ere long, you'll prove the truth,  
That under pleasure's fairest guise,  
A secret poison often lies.







#### FABLE LXXIV.

### The Cock and the Jewel.

[FROM CROXALL.]

A YOUNG Cock, in company with two or three pullets, raking upon a dunghill, scratched up a JEWEL; he knew what it was well enough, for it sparkled with an exceedingly bright lustre; but not knowing what to do with it, he endeavoured to cover his ignorance under a gay contempt. So, shrugging up his wings, shaking his head, and putting on a grimace, he expressed himself to this purpose:—"Indeed, you are a very fine thing, but I know not any business you have here,—I now declare, that my taste lies quite another way; and I had rather have one grain of barley, than all the jewels under the sun."

## FABLE LXXV.

## The Tulip and the Myrtle.

[FROM LANGHORNE.]

'TWAS on the border of a stream,  
A gaily-painted TULIP stood;  
And, gilded by the morning beam,  
Survey'd her beauties in the flood.

And, sure, more lovely to behold,  
Might nothing meet the wistful eye,  
Than crimson, fading into gold,  
In streaks of fairest symmetry.

The beauteous flower, with pride elate,—  
Ah me! that pride with beauty dwells —  
Vainly affects superior state,  
And thus in empty fancy swells:—

“O! lustre of unrivall'd bloom!  
Fair painting of a hand divine!  
Superior, far, to mortal doom;  
The hues of heav'n alone are mine!

Away, ye worthless, formless race!  
Ye weeds, that boast the name of flowers!  
No more my native bed disgrace,  
Unmeet for tribes so mean as yours!

And thou, dull, sullen evergreen !  
Shalt thou my shining sphere invade ?  
My noon-day beauties beam unseen,  
Obscur'd beneath thy dusky shade !”

“ Deluded flower !” the MYRTLE cries,  
“ Shall we thy moment's bloom adore ?  
The meanest shrub, that you despise,  
The meanest flower, has merit more.

That daisy, in its simple bloom,  
Shall last along the changing year ;  
Blush on the snow of winter's gloom,  
And bid the smiling spring appear.

The violet, who, those banks beneath,  
Hides from thy scorn her modest head,  
Shall fill the air with fragrant breath,  
When thou art in thy dusty bed.

Even I, who boast no golden shade,  
Am of no shining tints possess'd,  
When low thy lucid form is laid,  
Shall bloom on many a lovely breast.

And he, whose kind and fost'ring care  
To thee,—to me, our beings gave,  
Shall near his breast my flow'rets wear,  
And walk regardless o'er thy grave.

Deluded flower ! the friendly screen  
That hides thee from the noon-tide ray,  
And mocks thy passion to be seen,  
Prolongs thy transitory day.

But kindly deeds with scorn repaid,  
No more by virtue need be done :  
I now withdraw my dusky shade,  
And yield thee to thy darling sun."

Fierce on the flower the scorching beam  
With all its weight of glory fell ;  
The flower, exulting, caught the gleam,  
And lent its leaves a bolder swell.

Expanded by the searching fire,  
The curling leaves the breast disclose ;  
The mantling bloom was painted higher,  
And every latent charm expos'd.

But when the sun was sliding low,  
And evening came, with dews so cold,  
The wanton beauty ceas'd to blow,  
And sought her bending leaves to fold.

Those leaves, alas ! no more would close ;  
Relax'd, exhausted, sickening, pale ;  
They left her to a parent's woes,  
And fled before the rising gale.

## FABLE LXXVI.

*The Wasps and the Bees.*

[FROM DODSLEY.]

A SWARM of WASPS having laid claim to a nest of honeycombs, which had been deposited in the trunk of an old tree, by some BEES, the right owners protested against their demand; and, it being agreed between the disputants to abide by the decision of a third party, the cause was referred to a HORNET, who immediately proceeded to make the requisite inquiries.

Witnesses being examined, they deposed, that certain winged creatures, who had a loud hum, were of a yellowish colour, and somewhat resembling BEES, were observed for a considerable time to be hovering about the place where this nest was found. But it was held that this did not sufficiently decide the question; for these characteristics, the HORNET observed, agreed no less with the BEES than with the WASPS.

At length, a sensible old BEE offered to put the matter in dispute upon a decisive issue; and, for that purpose, directed that a place should be appointed by the court for the plaintiffs and defendants to work in: "for then," said he, "it will soon be apparent, which of us are capable of forming such regular cells, and afterwards of filling them with so delicious a fluid."

The WASPS refusing to agree to this proposal, sufficiently convinced the judge on which side the right lay ; and he, consequently, decreed that the BEES were, in justice, entitled to the possession of the honeycombs.

MORAL.

So the dull lad, who slights his tasks,  
And other boys' assistance asks,  
When call'd to prove how much he knows,  
Must soon the cunning fraud expose,  
And 'stead of sharing merit's gains,  
Will get a flogging for his pains.





FABLE LXXVII.

The Poet, Oyster, and Sensitibe Plant.

[FROM COWPER.]

AN OYSTER, cast upon the shore,  
Was heard, though never heard before,  
Complaining, in a speech well worded,  
And worthy thus to be recorded :—

“ Ah, hapless wretch ! condemn'd to dwell  
For ever in my native shell ;  
Ordn'd to move when others please ;  
Not for my own content or ease ;  
But toss'd and buffeted about,  
Now in the water, and now out.  
'Twere better to be born a stone,  
Of ruder shape, and feeling none,

Than with a tenderness like mine,  
 And sensibilities so fine !  
 I envy that unfeeling shrub,  
 Fast-rooted against every rub."

The plant he meant grew not far off,  
 And felt the sneer with scorn enough ;  
 Was hurt,—disgusted,—mortified,  
 And with asperity replied :—  
 (When, cry the botanists, and stare,  
 Did plants, called sensitive, grow there ?  
 No matter when,—a poet's muse is  
 To make them grow just where she chooses)—

" You shapeless nothing in a dish !  
 You, that are but almost a fish !  
 I scorn your coarse insinuation,  
 And have most plentiful occasion  
 To wish myself the rock I view,  
 Or such another dolt as you :  
 For many a grave and learned clerk,  
 And many a gay unletter'd spark,  
 With curious touch examines me,  
 If I can feel as well as he ;  
 And when I bend, retire, and shrink,  
 Says,—' Well ! 'tis more than one would think !'  
 Thus life is spent, (oh, fie upon 't !)  
 In being touch'd, and crying—' Don't ! ' "

A PoET, in his evening walk,  
 O'erheard, and check'd this idle talk.



"And your fine sense," he said, "and yours,  
 Whatever evil it endures,  
 Deserves not, if so soon offended,  
 Much to be pitied or commended.  
 Disputes, though short, are far too long,  
 Where both alike are in the wrong ;  
 Your feelings, in their full amount,  
 Are all upon your own account.  
 You, in your grotto-work enclosed,  
 Complain of being thus exposed ;  
 Yet nothing feel in that rough coat,  
 Save when the knife is at your throat ;  
 Wherever driven by wind or tide,  
 Exempt from every ill beside.  
 And as for you, my Lady Squeamish,  
 Who reckon every touch a blemish,  
 If all the plants that can be found,  
 Embellishing the scene around,  
 Should droop and wither where they grow,  
 You would not feel at all—not you."  
 His censure reach'd them as he dealt it,  
 And each, by shrinking, show'd he felt it.

## MORAL.

The noblest minds their virtue prove,  
 By pity, sympathy, and love ;  
 These, these are feelings, truly fine,  
 And prove their owner half divine.

## The Peasants, Hens, Ducks, Pigeons, and Bees.

[From the Dutch.]

SOME PEASANTS, finding the times so hard, that, by tilling their ground with great labour, by diligently tending their cattle, and by fishing their ponds, they could get but a scanty livelihood, resolved, in a general meeting, not to take so much pains as they had done before, but to endeavour to allure some HENS, DUCKS, PIGEONS, and BEES, to come and live upon their lands. To this end, they promised them every kind of liberty and freedom; offered the FOWL to provide them with nests to breed in, and the BEES with hives to store up their honey; and declared, besides, that they would take from the FOWL only their superfluous eggs, and, now and then, only some of their young; and, from the BEES, only the wax and honey that they stood not in want of themselves.

This project of theirs succeeded so well, by reason of the great number of HENS, DUCKS, PIGEONS, and BEES, that came and settled themselves there, that the PEASANTS lived in great ease and plenty till their death, but left behind them a parcel of prodigal children, who, having never known what it was to want, made little or no account of the advantages they reaped by the FOWL and BEES: and, finding that the HENS, by

their cackling,—the PIGEONS, by their cooing,—and the DUCKS, by their croaking,—disturbed their rest, and that they were sometimes stung by the BEES, they determined to be rid of these inconveniences. To this end, they all met together; and resolved to take from the FOWL their eggs, their young ones, and their nests; and from the BEES their wax, their honey, and their hives; and to make use of the nests and hives for their own service. And, accordingly, having done all this, the FOWL and the BEES found themselves under the necessity of repairing to other lands, where they might enjoy more liberty.

But when they were gone, these inconsiderate children soon perceived that, for want of the eggs and chickens of the FOWL, and the wax and honey of the BEES, they were forced to work harder than they had done before, and, nevertheless, got but a sorry livelihood; they, therefore, invited the FOWL and the BEES to return to their old habitations; giving them abundance of fair promises, how kindly they should be used, if they would come back. But they answered:—"We are very well where we are, and mean to continue here, as long as the PEASANTS use us well; and, though we should be forced to change our abodes again, we could not forget how unkindly you dealt by us; and would never come back to you any more." The children, having had this answer, bitterly bemoaned that poverty into which their folly had brought them.



## FABLE LXXIX.

### The Nightingale and the Glow-worm.

[FROM COWPER.]

A NIGHTINGALE, that, all day long,  
Had cheer'd the village with his song,  
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,  
Nor yet when eventide was ended,  
Began to feel, as well he might,  
The keen demands of appetite ;  
When, looking eagerly around,  
He spied, far off, upon the ground,  
A something shining in the dark,  
And knew the GLOW-WORM, by his spark ;

So, stooping down from hawthorn top,  
He thought to put him in his crop.  
The WORM, aware of his intent,  
Harangued him thus, right eloquent :—  
“ Did you admire my lamp,” quoth he,  
“ As much as I your minstrelsy,  
You would abhor to do me wrong,  
As much as I to spoil your song ;  
For 'twas the self-same power divine,  
Taught you to sing, and me to shine ;  
That you with music,—I with light,  
Might beautify and cheer the night.”  
The songster heard his short oration,  
And, warbling out his approbation,  
Releas'd him, as my story tells,  
And found a supper somewhere else.

## MORAL.

From this short fable, youth may learn  
Their real interest to discern :  
That brother should not strive with brother,  
And worry and oppress each other ;  
But, join'd in unity and peace,  
Their mutual happiness increase :  
Pleas'd when each other's faults they hide,  
And in their virtues feel a pride.

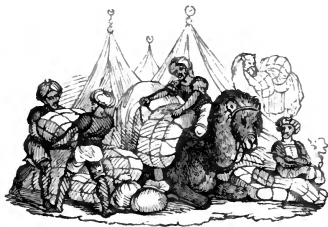
## FABLE LXXX.

## The Camel and Jupiter.

[From the Dutch.]

A CAMEL, who had never been seen by men, observed, that at first sight of him, they all ran away from him; that at the second, some of them stood their ground; and that at the third, one of them came up to him, and put a halter about his neck; and, from that time, loaded him with heavy burthens, and gave him more blows than meat. This, the CAMEL believed, had arrived to him, not as a consequence of his own nature, or of that of men, but only because he wanted horns to keep men off from him. He, therefore, represented to JUPITER, that he had provided almost all the large-sized four-footed beasts with claws, teeth, or horns; insomuch that they were not only able to keep off all the other beasts, and even men themselves, from coming near them, but also to do them hurt, and to kill them. He thought, therefore, that he had great reason to complain to JUPITER, that he, who, except the Elephant, was the biggest of all the four-footed kind, was, nevertheless, so unprovided of weapons to defend himself, that even children durst laugh at him, and use him ill. This, he thought, was a great hardship; and he, therefore, very earnestly besought JUPITER to mend it, by causing strong and sharp horns to grow upon his head.

The god, indignant that a beast, who was truly of the Ass's kind, and fit for nothing but to drudge under heavy burthens, was so presumptuous as to think that he deserved a power of doing hurt to, and killing other beasts and men, found that the beauty of his head—for he had ears that were very graceful and becoming—had made him thus insolent and silly: he, therefore, deprived him of his ears; and, thus disfigured, sent him away, with these words:—"Get thee gone; and bear in patience the burthens that men shall think fit to lay upon thee; and learn, that thou, who art fit for nothing else, and worthy of no higher station, hast justly lost thy beautiful ears, that were the occasion of thy folly."



**The Miser and his Treasure.**

[ FROM DODSLEY.]

A MISER having scraped together a considerable sum of money, by denying himself the common conveniences of life, was much embarrassed where to lodge it most securely. After many debates with himself, he at length fixed upon a corner, in a retired field, where he deposited his TREASURE, in a hole, which he dug for that purpose. His mind was now, for a moment, at ease; but he had not proceeded many paces on his way home, when all his anxiety returned, and he could not forbear going back, to see that every thing was safe. This he repeated so often, that he was, at last, observed by a man, who was looking over a hedge in an adjacent meadow. The fellow, concluding that something extraordinary must be the occasion of the frequent visits, marked the spot; and, coming in the night, and discovering the prize, carried it away.

Early the next morning, the MISER renewed his visit; when, finding his TREASURE gone, he broke out into the most bitter exclamations. A traveller, who was passing by, being moved by his complaints, inquired the cause. "Alas!" replied the MISER, "I have sustained the most irreparable loss!—Some villain has robbed me of a sum of money which I buried, under this stone." "Buried!" returned the traveller,



with surprise ; “ Why did you not rather keep it in your house, that it might be ready for your daily occasions ? ” “ Daily occasions ! ” replied the MISER, with an air of much indignation ; “ Do you imagine I so little know the value of money ? On the contrary, I had prudently resolved not to touch a single shilling of it . ” “ If that was your wise resolution , ” answered the traveller, it is but putting this stone in the place of your TREASURE, and it will answer all your purposes quite as well . ”

## MORAL.

The miser, who conceals his wealth,  
But robs himself of peace and health ;  
Far happier he, whose generous mind,  
To charitable deeds inclin'd,  
Has felt, when succouring the distress'd,  
That then he is supremely blest.



## FABLE LXXXII.

## The Hawthorn and the Primrose.

[From Fables of Flowers.]

BENEATH a wild and rustic shade,  
Impervious to the view,  
In the sweet smiling month of May,  
A lovely PRIMROSE grew.

The gentle child of early spring,  
By bounteous Flora crown'd;  
With vernal beauties born to deck  
The unfrequented ground.

The brightest dye, the sweetest scent,  
Her yellow leaves could yield,  
Were spent upon the empty air,  
Nor e'er adorn'd the field.

For round her grew a bushy brake,  
With many a thorn beset;  
And many a weed, obscene and foul,  
Deform'd the green retreat.

But high above the rest advanc'd,  
A fragrant HAWTHORN rose;  
Whose spreading branches overhung  
The seat of her repose.

Her the lone Rose, in mournful guise,  
Full many a day had eyed ;  
And thus, at length, one summer's eve,  
She, all impatient, cried :—

“ Ah, THORN ! the bane of all my hopes !  
Ah, THORN ! that wound'st my peace !  
Still must I view thy branches spread,  
And still my woes increase.

What have I done, O wretch ! that still  
This evil treatment meets ?  
Or hast thou aught in lieu to give  
To those who lose my sweets ? ”

The HAWTHORN thus to her replied :—  
“ Fond pageant of an hour !  
Art thou displeas'd because I bloom,  
Though shelter'd by my pow'r ?

And know'st thou not, that, but for me,  
Thy boasted bloom were vain ;  
By grazing herds trod under foot,  
And level'd with the plain ?

Thee I protect ; myself am known  
Among the warlike race,  
Whom Nature arms with prompt defence  
Of most excelling grace.

Nor idly I these weapons wear,  
Nor idle is my bloom :  
One arms me for myself and thee,  
The other sheds perfume.  
Cease, then ; nor envy this my state,  
Which must thy own defend ;  
The thorns I bear shall save thy flower,  
And prove thy surest friend.”  
So spake the HAWTHORN, justly wise ;  
The ROSE, unansw’ring, heard ;—  
I caught the moral as it rose,  
And thus its sense appear’d :

## MORAL.

Life’s humble vale is most secure ;  
Cares on the exalted wait :  
Yet those who well the weak protect,  
Deserve unenvied state.



### FABLE LXXXIII.

## The Fir-Tree and the Bramble.

[FROM CROXALL.]

A TALL, straight FIR-TREE, that stood towering up in the midst of a forest, was so proud of his dignity and high station, that he overlooked the little shrubs which grew beneath him. A BRAMBLE, being one of the inferior throng, could by no means brook this haughty carriage; and, therefore, took him to task, and desired to know what he meant by it. "Because," says the FIR-TREE, "I look upon myself as the first tree, for beauty and rank, of any of the forest. My spring top shoots up into the clouds, and my branches display

themselves with a perpetual beauty and verdure ; while you lie groveling upon the ground, liable to be crushed by every fool that comes near you, and impoverished by the luxurious droppings which fall from my leaves."

"All this may be true," replied the BRAMBLE ; "but when the woodman has marked you out for public use, and the sounding axe comes to be applied to your root, I am mistaken if you will not be glad to change situations with the very worst of us."

#### MORAL.

In every condition we should be humble ; for the loftier the station, the greater the danger.



## FABLE LXXXIV.

## The Sun-flower and the Ivy.

[FROM LANGHORNE.]

AS duteous to the place of prayer,  
Within the convent's lonely walls,  
The holy sisters still repair,  
What time the rosy morning calls :

So fair, each morn, so full of grace,  
Within their little garden rear'd,  
The flower of Phœbus turn'd her face,  
To meet the power she lov'd and fear'd :

And where, along the rising sky,  
Her god in brighter glory burn'd,  
Still there her fond observant eye,  
And there her golden breast, she turn'd.

When calling from their weary height,  
On western waves his beams to rest,  
Still there she sought the parting sight,  
And there she turn'd her golden breast.

But soon as night's invidious shade  
Afar his lovely looks had borne,  
With folded leaves, and drooping head,  
Full sore she griev'd, as one forlorn.

Such duty in a flower display'd  
The holy sisters smil'd to see ;  
Forgave the Pagan rites it paid,  
And lov'd its fond idolatry.

But painful still, though meant for kind,  
The praise that falls on Envy's ear !  
O'er the dim window's arch intwin'd,  
The canker'd Ivy chanc'd to hear.

And, "See," she cried, "that specious flower,  
Whose flattering bosom courts the sun,—  
The pageant of a gilded hour,  
The convent's simple hearts hath won !

Obsequious meanness ! ever prone  
To watch the patron's turning eye ;  
No will, no motion of its own ;  
'Tis this they love, for this they sigh.

Go, splendid sycophant ! no more  
Display thy soft seductive arts !  
The flatt'ring clime of courts explore,  
Nor spoil the convent's simple hearts.

To me, their praise more justly due,  
Of longer bloom, and happier grace ;  
Whom changing months unalter'd view,  
And find them in my fond embrace."



“How well,” the modest flower replied,  
Can Envy’s wrested eye elude  
The obvious bounds that still divide  
Foul Flatt’ry from fair Gratitude !

My duteous praise each hour I pay,  
For few the hours that I must live ;  
And give to him my little day,  
Whose grace another day may give.

When low this golden form shall fall,  
And spread with dust its parent plain ;  
That dust shall hear his genial call,  
And rise, to glory rise, again.

To thee, my gracious power, to thee  
My love, my heart, my life are due !  
Thy goodness gave that life to be ;  
Thy goodness shall that life renew.

Ah me ! one moment from thy sight,  
That thus my truant-eye should stray !  
The god of glory sets in night ;  
His faithless flower has lost a day.”

Sore griev’d the flower, and droop’d her head ;  
And sudden tears her breast bedew’d :  
Consenting tears the sisters shed,  
And, wrapt in holy wonder, view’d.

With joy, with pious pride, elate,—  
“Behold,” the aged abbess cries,  
“An emblem of that happier fate  
Which heaven to all but us denies.

Our hearts no fears but duteous fears,  
No charm but duty's charm can move;  
We shed no tears but holy tears  
Of tender penitence and love.

See there the envious world portray'd  
In that dark look, that creeping pace!  
No flower can bear the Ivyr's shade;  
No tree support its cold embrace.

The oak that rears it from the ground,  
And bears its tendrils to the skies,  
Feels at his heart the rankling wound,  
And in its poisonous arms he dies.”



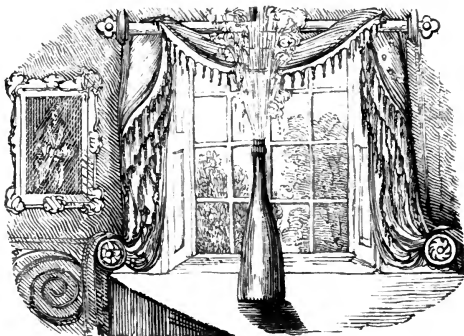
## FABLE LXXXV.

## The Fly and the Wagon.

[From the Dutch.]

IT happened, that several Travellers were going a journey together in a WAGON, in the midst of summer, and made the best of their way over hill and dale, through dusty and sandy roads. A FLY, too, chanced to be going the same journey; and flew, sometimes about the Horses, sometimes about the Travellers, and sometimes about the Wagoner, and buzzed, continually, at a mighty rate; imagining, within herself, that she thereby drove on the horses, and made them rid ground the faster: so that, whenever they came near the usual baiting-places, she flew now to one, then to another of the passengers, and told them, " 'Tis time for the horses, and all of us, to rest ourselves: I, in particular, who, by encouraging the Horses, the Wagoner, and all of you, make the WAGON go the faster, and raise all the dust myself." To which, though each of them might well have returned this answer:—" That her buzzing did them no service at all; but that she had been troublesome to all of them, and rather hindered than advanced their way;" yet they answered her not a word, not thinking her idle tattle worth a reply. But she took it quite otherwise, and believed that their silence was an acknowledgment of the truth of what she had said.

No sooner, therefore, had the WAGON begun to set forward, but she flew up upon the beam, pretending to drive the Horses; and threatened them immediately, that if they did not mend their pace, she would fly on their backs and necks, and sting them to some purpose. Upon which, one of the Horses turning his head, and seeing it was only a paltry FLY that took upon her at that rate, and that she arrogantly assumed to herself the office of the Wagoner, answered thus:—“We are not wont to be frightened with big words neither, especially from one who can do nothing but talk. We fear, indeed, the man who sits before the WAGON, with a whip in his hand; and, without making such a swaggering, is always ready to lash us when we lag, or mind not our drawing; but as for thee, we defy thee: and huff, till thy heart ache, we will not, for that, go one step the faster.” The haughty FLY took this in mighty dudgeon; and, thinking to revenge herself, leaped on the Horse’s back, and darted in her sting so deep, that, ere she could get it out to fly away, the Horse whisked about his tail, and struck her dead.



FABLE LXXXVI.

The Silly Champaigne.

[Freely translated from the Polish of KRASICKI.]

A bottle of wine,  
Though good when we dine,  
You may *not* think for morals remarkably fine.

But you may be wrong,  
For it shall not be long,  
Before you agree that the moral is strong.

A Pint of CHAMPAIGNE  
Tried its freedom to gain;  
But being well cork'd, found it labour in vain.

It cried " Oh ! for a fork,  
To draw out a cork !"  
And wish'd all restraint and coercion at York.

Now, this is what I  
Have heard little boys cry,  
When dangerous liberties parents deny.

(They should only permit  
What for children are fit,  
Whose duty it is to hear and submit.)

Well, this WINE that I mention,  
With foolish intention,  
Endeavour'd to break through the bounds of prevention ;

And fretting and foaming,  
Impatient for roaming,  
(Like troublesome children when washing and combing ;)

Its passion revealing,  
For liberty feeling,  
It push'd out the cork, which bounc'd up to the ceiling.

The WINE was all wasted,  
That after it hasted,  
At least half a pint, which was none of it tasted.

For so quickly it follow'd  
The " Pop !" which it halloo'd,  
That (nobody near) there was none of it swallow'd.

What remain'd of the show'r  
Became, in an hour,  
Quite vapid, and, by the next morning, turn'd sour.

The lesson we here  
May study is clear;  
All those (like CHAMPAIGNE) who play truant, my dear,  
The limits beyond  
Of relatives fond,  
May be toss'd by a bull, or drown'd in a pond;  
Or stolen away,  
Or hurt in a fray,  
So 'tis best, my young friends, when you're order'd,  
to stay.

Thus, I think, it is plain,  
A good moral we gain  
From the folly and fate of a Pint of CHAMPAIGNE.



## The River and its Fountains.

[From the Dutch.]

A CERTAIN large RIVER, that ran by hills and dales, through a vast tract of land, that abounded with fish, and, at last, discharged its waters into the sea, was navigable to ships of great burthen, and many such were continually sailing up and down the stream. Now, by means thereof, the men, who dwelt on or near the banks of that RIVER, sent away their merchandizes, and the fruits of their countries, and received from abroad their meat, their drink, their clothes, and whatever else they wanted, either for their necessity, or their pleasure.

This, the RIVER observing, grew conceited to a high degree, and seemed to have forgotten from whence she received most of her waters, and to believe that she was supplied chiefly, if not altogether, by the rains and snows that fell from the heavens: she, therefore, accused her FOUNTAINS of baseness of soul, in that they kept themselves concealed among the snowy mountains and the barren rocks, as also of their great laziness in running so slow; and, lastly, for that they produced no fruits, nor fish, nor could bear any ships for the service of men.

To this, the FOUNTAINS answered:—"That all the great renown and usefulness of the RIVER ought



to be ascribed to them, from whom she received most of her waters." But this the RIVER denied; inso-much that both of them referred the difference to the decision of men, who reaped all the benefit, as well of the FOUNTAINS as the RIVER. The men consented to be arbitrators; but were too lazy to go over hill and dale to visit the heads of those FOUNTAINS, and see whether the waters of the RIVER came from thence or not, and of how great advantage the FOUNTAINS were to them; but, having often seen the rains and snows fall from the heavens, and fondly doting on the outward greatness of the RIVER, immediately decreed, that the RIVER only was useful to them, and that they received no benefit from the FOUNTAINS.

This vexed the injured FOUNTAINS, insomuch, that to shew the injustice of the sentence, that those ignorant men had pronounced, they kept in all their waters, and refused to flow; whereby, the fields became parched with drought, the RIVER unnavigable, and so dry, that even the fish perished; and, at length, those foolish men, who subsisted only by the benefit they received from the waters, and who, nevertheless, despised the sources of them, were forced to leave their dear abodes, and go in search of other RIVERS and men, who so respected and cherished their FOUNTAINS, that they continually poured out their watery stores; whereby the inhabitants of the adjacent lands flourished, and lived in happiness and plenty.



FABLE LXXXVIII.

The Lion, the Fox, and the Geese.

[From GAY.]

A LION, tir'd with state affairs,  
Quite sick of pomp, and worn with cares,  
Resolv'd (remote from noise and strife)  
In peace to pass his latter life.

It was proclaim'd: the day was set:  
Behold the gen'ral council met:  
The Fox was viceroy nam'd. The crowd  
To the new regent humbly bow'd!  
Wolves, bears, and mighty tigers bend,  
And strive who most shall condescend.  
The crowd admire his wit, his sense:  
Each word hath weight and consequence.

The flatt'rer all his art displays :  
He who hath power, is sure of praise.  
A Fox stepped forth before the rest,  
And thus the servile throng addressed :—

“How vast his talents, born to rule,  
And train'd in virtue's honest school !  
What clemency his temper sways !  
How uncorrupt are all his ways !  
Beneath his conduct and command  
Rapine shall cease to waste the land ;  
What blessings must attend the nation  
Under this good administration !”

He said. A Goose, who distant stood,  
Harangu'd apart the cackling brood :

“Whene'er I hear a knave commend,  
He bids me shun his worthy friend.  
What praise ! what mighty commendation !  
But 'twas a Fox who spoke th' oration.  
FOXES this government may prize,  
As gentle, plentiful, and wise ;  
If they enjoy the sweets, 'tis plain  
We GEESE must feel a tyrant reign.  
What havock now shall thin our race !  
When ev'ry petty clerk in place,  
To prove his taste, and seem polite,  
Will feed on GEESE both noon and night.”

MORAL.

Those flatter the plunderer who share in the spoil.

## FABLE LXXXIX.

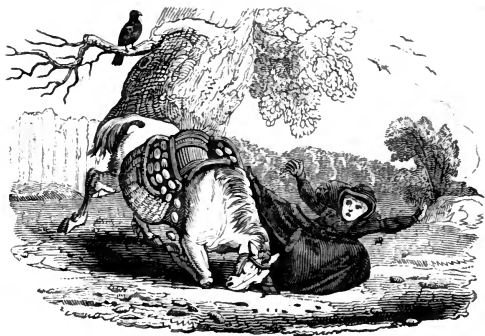
*The Fly in St. Paul's Cupola.*

[FROM DODSLEY.]

AS a FLY was crawling leisurely up one of the columns of ST. PAUL'S CUPOLA, he often stopped, surveyed, examined, and, at last, broke forth into the following exclamation :—" Strange ! that any one who pretends to be an artist, should ever leave so superb a structure with so many roughnesses unpolished !" " Ah, my friend !" said that learned architect, the Spider, who hung in his web under one of the capitals, " you should never judge of things beyond the extent of your capacity. This lofty building was not erected for such diminutive animals as you or I ; but for a certain sort of creatures, who are, at least, ten thousand times as large : to their eyes, it is very possible, these columns may seem as smooth, as to you appear the wings of your favourite mistress."

## MORAL.

Thus the vain man, whose narrow soul,  
Is too confin'd to grasp the whole,  
Presumes to censure or to mend  
That which he cannot comprehend.



## FABLE XC.

### The Farmer's Wife and the Raven.

[From GAY.]

BETWIXT her swagging pannier's load,  
A FARMER'S WIFE to market rode ;  
And jogging on, with thoughtful care,  
Summ'd up the profits of her ware ;  
When, starting from her silver dream,  
Thus far and wide was heard her scream :

“ That RAVEN, on yon left-hand oak,  
(Curse on his ill-betiding croak !)  
Bodes me no good.” No more she said,  
When poor blind Ball, with stumbling tread,  
Fell prone ; o'erturn'd the pannier lay,  
And her mash'd eggs bestrew'd the way.

She, sprawling, in the yellow road,  
Rail'd, swore, and curs'd: "Thou croaking toad!  
A murrain take thy noisy throat!  
I knew misfortune in the note."

"Dame," quoth the RAVEN, "spare your oaths,  
Unclench your fist, and wipe your clothes.  
But why on me, those curses thrown?  
Goody, the fault was all your own;  
For had you laid this brittle ware,  
On Dun, the old sure-footed mare,  
Though all the RAVENS of the hundred  
With croaking had your tongue out-thunder'd,  
Sure-footed Dun had kept his legs,  
And you, good woman, sav'd your eggs."

MORAL.

Weak minds are frightened at shadows.



## FABLE XCI.

**The Wolf, the Fox, and the Ass.**

[From the Dutch.]

THE LION, as king of the beasts, made a law, that no beast should, without lawful cause, do any hurt to another; and should come once a year to court, to confess, and be absolved or punished, according to his deserts. Now it happened, that the WOLF and the Fox were going thither together, and overtaking the Ass on the road, said to him:—"Brother, it is a long way to court, and it certainly must be much more tedious to you than to ourselves, because of your slow pace; but we can save the trouble of going thither, if you think fit. Let us three confess ourselves to one another, and send our absolutions to court, attested by two of us as witnesses."

The Ass liked the proposal; into a clover field they went, and the Fox thus confessed himself first:—"It happened, as I was going one night through a village, a Cock, by his loud crowing, disturbed all the people that were asleep; at which I grew very angry, and bit off his head; then, fearing that the stench of his dead body might be offensive to the Hens, I eat him up. Nevertheless, it happened, three days after, as I was going by the same village, those very Hens spied me; and, instead of thanking me for the great

kindness I had done them, cried out,—‘ Murderer, murderer !’ Then I, in defence of my honour, killed three of them ; and, lest they should have stunk and offended the neighbourhood, eat them up too. This is all I have done ; for which I now await your sentence.”

The WOLF thereupon expressed himself thus :—  
“ You have, indeed, offended against the letter of our monarch’s law, but not against the meaning of it ; since your intentions were honourable, to take care of the quiet of men, and to vindicate your injured reputation : If, therefore, you will promise never to be so hasty again in killing any beast, I vote for your absolution.” This the Fox readily did ; and the Ass joined in opinion with the WOLF, who then thus began his confession :—

“ As I was one day walking along, I saw a Sow trampling down the corn of a poor peasant, and tearing it up by the roots, while her hungry Pigs were strayed far from her, and could not get themselves out of the mire ; so that I, growing very angry at the great mischief she did the peasant, and at her neglect of motherly duty, killed, and eat her up. Three days after, chancing to go again the same way, I observed, that those Pigs were grown very lean ; and reflecting that, through want of their mother’s milk, they would certainly die a languishing death, I put an end to their miseries, and eat them up too. This is all I have to confess.”



The Fox instantly argued in this manner:—“Though you confess to have killed both mother and children; and though it seems, at first sight, that you have heinously offended against the law of our king; yet I see, nevertheless, that your intentions were good: to prevent mischief from falling upon men, to stir up a mother to her duty, and to shew compassion to her miserable children, are virtues that no law can forbid or punish. I, therefore, declare you absolved.” To which the Ass agreed.

The Ass then made his confession:—“You both know,” said he, “that it is not in my nature to do hurt to other beasts, nor to shed blood; and, therefore, you cannot expect to hear any such thing from me; but, to content you, I will relate to you what happened innocently to me, while I was in the service of a master. He was an old man, and apt to take cold in his feet; so that, when he travelled, to keep them dry and warm, he was wont to stick a little hay in his shoes. Now I carried him, one winter, to an inn, where he was to lie all night; and when we came to the door, the innkeeper brought him a pair of dry slippers, that his dirty shoes might not soil the house; so that he pulled them off, and left them without, and me by them. In short, my master and his host found themselves so well in the chimney-corner, that they never thought of poor me; but left me all night in the bitter cold, without giving me a handful of food:

so that I eat up all the hay that stuck in his shoes. This is all I have to say;—if you will call it a confession, you may : however, I think nothing can be said against it.”

“Oh!” said the Fox, immediately, “this is not, indeed, an offence against the letter of the law, which mentions only the doing hurt to beasts, and takes no notice of eating of hay; but, if we reflect on the dangerous consequences of this action; and that so reverend a creature as a chill, aged man, by being thus robbed of his hay in the winter, and the next day continuing his road without it, might have caught a cold, a cough, and a cholic, that would have brought his grey hairs to the grave;—whoever, I say, reflects on this, cannot but be of my opinion,—which is, that the Ass largely deserves to die. Cousin WOLF, what say you to this matter?” “I,” said the WOLF, “am of opinion, that by reason of the ill consequences that might have attended this action, the Ass deserves a double death, and to be made an example to others.” With that he leaped upon him, and tore out his throat, and the Fox and he immediately eat him up.

#### MORAL.

Knaves can always find reasons for justifying their own conduct, and condemning that of others.



## FABLE XCII.

### The Travelled Monkey.

[From GAY.]

A MONKEY, to reform the times,  
Resolv'd to visit foreign climes ;  
For men in distant regions roam  
To bring politer manners home.  
So forth he fares, all toil defies :  
Misfortune serves to make us wise.

At length, the treach'rous snare was laid ;  
Poor Pug was caught, to town convey'd,

There sold. How envied was his doom,  
Made captive in a lady's room !  
Proud, as a lover, of his chains,  
He, day by day, her favour gains.  
Whene'er the duty of the day  
The toilet calls, with mimic play  
He twirls her knots, he cracks her fan,  
Like any other gentleman.  
In visits, too, his parts and wit,  
When jests grew dull, were sure to hit.  
Proud with applause, he thought his mind  
In ev'ry courtly art refin'd ;  
Like Orpheus, burnt with public zeal  
To civilize the public weal :  
So watch'd occasion, broke his chain,  
And sought his native woods again.

The hairy sylvans round him press,  
Astonish'd at his strut and dress.  
Some praise his sleeve ; and others glote  
Upon his rich embroider'd coat ;  
His dapper periwig commending,  
With the black tail behind depending ;  
His powder'd back, above, below,  
Like hoary frost, or fleecy snow ;  
But all with envy and desire,  
His flutt'ring shoulder-knot admire.

“Hear and improve,” he pertly cries;  
“I come to make a nation wise.  
Weigh your own words; support your place,  
The next in rank to human race.  
In cities long I pass’d my days,  
Convers’d with men, and learnt their ways;  
Their dress, their courtly manners see;  
Reform your state, and copy me.  
Seek ye to thrive? in flattery deal;  
Your scorn, your hate, with that conceal.  
Seem only to regard your friends,  
But use them for your private ends.  
Stint not to truth the flow of wit;  
Be prompt to lie whene’er ’tis fit.  
Bend all your force to spatter merit:  
Scandal is conversation’s spirit.  
Boldly to ev’ry thing pretend,  
And men your talents shall commend.  
I knew the great. Observe me right;  
So shall you grow, like man, polite.”

He spoke, and bow’d: with mutt’ring jaws  
The wond’ring circle grinn’d applause.  
Now, warm with malice, envy, spite,  
Their most obliging friends they bite;  
And, fond to copy human ways,  
Practise new mischiefs all their days.

## MORAL.

Thus the dull lad, too tall for school,  
With travel finishes the fool ;  
Studios of ev'ry coxcomb's airs,  
He drinks, games, dresses, lies and swears ;  
O'erlooks, with scorn, all virtuous arts ;  
For vice is fitted to his parts.





## FABLE XCIII.

### The Young Man and Swallow.

[From CROXALL.]

A PRODIGAL young spendthrift, who had wasted his whole patrimony, was taking a melancholy walk near a brook. It was in the month of January; and happened to be one of those warm days, which sometimes shine upon us, even at that winterly season of the year; and, to make it more flattering, a SWALLOW, which had made his appearance, by mistake, too soon, flew skimming along upon the surface of the water.

The giddy youth, observing this, without any farther consideration, concluded that summer was now

come, and that he should have little or no occasion for clothes, so went and sold them, and ventured the money for one stake more, among his gaming companions.

When this, too, was gone the same way with the rest, he took another solitary walk in the same place. But the weather being severe and frosty, had made everything look with an aspect very different from what it did before; the brook was quite frozen over; and the poor SWALLOW lay dead upon the bank of it: the very sight of which cooled the young spark's brains; and coming to a kind of sense of his misery, he reproached the deceased bird, as the author of all his misfortunes: "Ah! wretch that thou wert!" said he; "thou hast undone both thyself and me, who was so credulous as to depend upon thee."

#### MORAL.

Who spends more than he should,  
Hath none to spend when he would.



## FABLE XCIV.

*Virtue, Genius, and Reputation.*

VIRTUE, GENIUS, REPUTATION,  
 (Tho' near related, yet good friends)

Resolv'd, no doubt, for public ends,

To make a tour throughout the nation.

"Ere we," says GENIUS, "quit our own abode,

As accidents may happen on the road,

(Precaution seldom speaks in vain)

Let us on certain signs agree,

In case we should part company,

Which way to meet again.

To trace my haunts I'll give a certain clue :

Wherever arts and sciences you view ;

Where painting, and where sculpture still are shewn,

On breathing canvass, and on living stone ;

And where Apollo and the Nine inspire,

Verse wrote with ease, simplicity, and fire ;

And prose sublime, precise, and clear ;

You may be sure I'm somewhere near."

So GENIUS spoke ; and VIRTUE thus replied :—

"No need to search the town and country round,

You're safe enough where you abide.

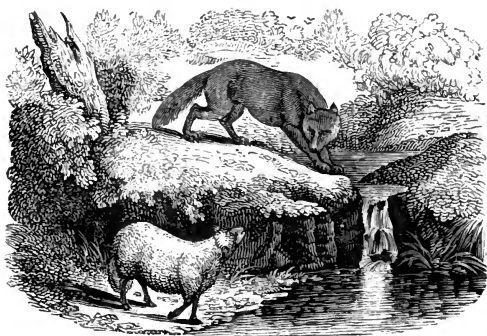
I wish that I could give so sure a guide ;

But, really, when I chance to slip aside,

I'm not so easy to be found.

Howe'er, should you, in any place, espy  
 A rich man list'ning to the orphan's cry,  
     Who neither shuts his heart nor door,  
     But pities and relieves the poor ;  
 A friend, who parts with half his store,  
 His friend to rescue from distress ;  
     Who in misfortune loves him still the more,  
 And th' other, tho' oblig'd, not love him less :  
 A modern lady who detests a rout ;  
 A prude, without hypocrisy, devout ;  
 A bishop free from pride ; a judge upright ;  
     A middling poet without spite ;  
     You'll find me there, or thereabout.  
     I'm scarcely ever to be seen at court ;  
 And in the city only now and then ;  
     The desert is my surest port,  
     And there with pleasure I resort,  
 Unknown to vice, and far from men."

"Your schemes are settled in so true a light,"  
 Says REPUTATION, "that I make no doubt  
     You'll both, if stray'd, be soon found out.  
     With me the case is diff'rent quite ;  
     Researches, tokens, all are vain :  
 Be cautious how you trust me out of sight,  
 For when once lost I'm never found again."



## FABLE XCV.

### The Wolf and the Lamb.

[From CROXALL.]

ONE hot summer's day, a WOLF and a LAMB happened to come, just at the same time, to quench their thirst in the stream. The WOLF stood upon the higher ground, and the LAMB at some distance from him. However, the WOLF, having a mind to pick a quarrel, asked him, what he meant by disturbing the water, and making it so muddy that he could not drink.

The LAMB, frightened at this charge, mildly replied, that he could not conceive how that could be; since the water, which he drank, ran down from

the WOLF to him, and therefore, it could not be disturbed so far up the stream. "Be that as it will," replies the WOLF, "you are a rascal; and I have been told that you treated me with ill language behind my back, about half a year ago." "Upon my word," says the Lamb, "that was before I was born."

The WOLF, finding he could not any longer argue against truth, fell into a great passion; and, drawing nearer to the LAMB, "Sirrah," says he, if it was not you, it was your father, and that's all one." So saying, he rushed on the innocent LAMB, and tore him to pieces.

#### MORAL.

Injustice can always find a plea.





FABLE XCVI.

The Lily and the Rose.

[FROM COWPER.]

WITHIN the garden's peaceful scene,  
Appear'd two lovely foes,  
Aspiring to the rank of queen,—  
The LILY and the ROSE.

The ROSE soon redden'd into rage;  
And, swelling with disdain,  
Appeal'd to many a poet's page,  
To prove her right to reign.

The LILY's height bespoke command,  
A fair imperial flower ;  
She seem'd design'd for Flora's hand,  
The sceptre of her power.

This civil bickering and debate,  
The goddess chanc'd to hear ;  
And flew to save, ere yet too late,  
The pride of the parterre.

" Yours is," she said, " the nobler hue,  
And yours the statelier mien ;  
And, till a third surpasses you,  
Let each be deem'd a queen."

#### MORAL.

Let no mean jealousies pervert your mind,  
A blemish in another's fame to find ;  
Be grateful for the gifts that you possess,  
Nor deem a rival's merit makes yours less.



## FABLE XCVII.

### The Crow and the Pitcher.

[FROM CROXALL.]

A CROW, ready to die with thirst, flew with joy to a PITCHER, which he beheld at some distance. When he came, he found water in it indeed, but so near the bottom, that, with all his stooping and straining, he was not able to reach it. Then he endeavoured to overturn the PITCHER, that so at least he might be able to get a little of it; but his strength was not sufficient for this. At last, seeing some pebbles lie near the place, he cast them, one by one, into the PITCHER; and thus,

by degrees, raised the water up to the very brim, and satisfied his thirst.

MORAL.

Necessity is the mother of invention; and that, which cannot be accomplished by strength, may be achieved by ingenuity.





## FABLE XCVIII.

## The Chameleon.

[By MERRICK.]

OFT has it been my lot to mark  
 A proud, conceited, talking spark,  
 With eyes that hardly served at most  
 To guard their master 'gainst a post ;  
 Yet round the world the blade has been,  
 To see whatever could be seen.  
 Returning from his finish'd tour,  
 Grown ten times perter than before,  
 Whatever word you chance to drop,  
 The travelled fool your mouth will stop ;  
 " Sir, if my judgment you'll allow,—  
 I've seen,—and, sure, I ought to know ;"—  
 So begs you'd pay a due submission,  
 And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers, of such a cast,  
 As o'er Arabia's wilds they pass'd,  
 And on their way, in friendly chat,  
 Now talk'd of this, and then of that ;  
 Discours'd awhile, 'mongst other matter,  
 Of the CHAMELEON's form and nature.  
 " A stranger animal," cries one,  
 " Sure never liv'd beneath the sun :  
 A lizard's body, lean and long,  
 A fish's head, a serpent's tongue.

Its tooth, with triple claw disjoin'd ;  
And what a length of tail behind !  
How slow its pace ! and then, its hue !  
Who ever saw so fine a blue ?”

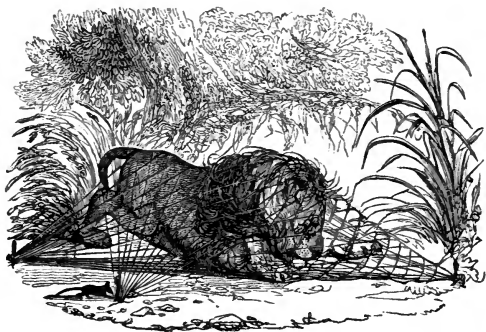
“ Hold there !” the other quick replies,  
“ ’Tis green :—I saw it with these eyes,  
As late with open mouth it lay,  
And warm’d it in the sunny ray ;  
Stretch’d at its ease the beast I view’d,  
And saw it eat the air for food.”

“ I’ve seen it, sir, as well as you,  
And must again affirm it blue ;  
At leisure I the beast survey’d,  
Extended in the cooling shade.”

“ ’Tis green ! ’tis green ! sir, I assure ye.”—  
“ Green !” cries the other, in a fury,—  
“ Why, sir, d’ye think I’ve lost my eyes ?”  
“ ’Twere no great loss !” the friend replies ;  
“ For if they always serve you thus,  
You’ll find ’em but of little use.”

So high, at last, the contest rose,  
From words they almost came to blows ;  
When, luckily, came by a third ;  
To him the question they referr’d ;  
And begg’d he’d tell ’em, if he knew,  
Whether the thing was green or blue.

“Sirs,” cries the umpire, “cease your pother—  
The creature’s neither one nor t’other.  
I caught the animal last night,  
And view’d it o’er by candle-light;  
I mark’d it well—’twas black as jet,—  
You stare—but, sirs, I’ve got it yet;  
And can produce it.”—“Pray, sir, do;  
I’ll lay my life the thing is blue.”  
“And I’ll be sworn that when you’ve seen  
The reptile, you’ll pronounce him green.”  
“Well, then, at once to ease the doubt,”  
Replies the man, “I’ll turn him out;  
And when before your eyes I’ve set him,  
If you don’t find him black I’ll eat him.”  
He said; then full before their sight,  
Produced the beast, and lo! ’twas white.  
Both stared, the man looked wond’rous wise.  
“My children,” the CHAMELEON cries,  
(Then first the creature found a tongue)  
“You all are right and all are wrong;  
When next you talk of what you view,  
Think others see as well as you;  
Nor wonder, if you find that none  
Prefers your eye-sight to his own.”



## FABLE XCIX.

### The Lion and the Mouse.

[FROM DODSLEY.]

A LION, by accident, laid his paw upon a poor innocent MOUSE. The frightened little creature, imagining she was going to be devoured, begged hard for her life; urged that clemency was the fairest attribute of power, and earnestly entreated his majesty not to stain his illustrious paws with the blood of so insignificant an animal: upon which, the LION very generously set her at liberty. It happened, a few days afterward, that the LION, ranging for his prey, fell into the toils of the hunter.

The Mouse heard his roarings, knew the voice of her benefactor, and, immediately repairing to his assistance, gnawed in pieces the meshes of the net; and, by delivering her preserver, convinced him that there is no creature so much below another, but may have it in his power to return a good office.

MORAL.

We are often indebted to the meanest creatures for the most valuable services.



## The Ploughshare and the Sword.

A SWORD, as stalking round the fields, one day,  
Met with an honest PLOUGHSHARE in his way.

“God speed you!” said the SOCK, “I hope you’re well.”

“That’s more than I may choose to tell,”

The haughty blade replied,

With equal surliness and pride;

“How dare you ask your betters how they do?

Distance and silence shew respect;

And ’tis what we great folks expect

From country puts like you.”

“Pardon, my lord, for this neglect,”

The PLOUGHSHARE answer’d, with a sneer;

“Another time, ne’er fear,

I’ll pay whatever honours are your due.

But, pray, where do your grand perfections lie,

That you so lofty rear your crest?

Mankind by me are truly bless’d;

’Tis I bestow the comforts they enjoy;

Comforts, which you, alas! too oft destroy.

More modesty, methinks, would suit you best.”

“Thou miscreant vile! low, dirty drudge!

Of heroes’ acts who made thee judge?”

Resum’d the SWORD, with high disdain.

“ Imperial Rome had been a village still,  
Had she confin’d her sons to plough and till,  
And nothing reap’d but grain.”

“ Happy for all mankind beside,  
Had she been but so well employ’d,”  
Resum’d the Sock again.

“ How many conquerors, ere now,  
Have left the camp to re-assume the plough?  
Augustus never had been styl’d  
The father of his country, great and good,  
But for his reign so peaceful and so mild,  
Which made the world forget it rose in blood.”

The SWORD had nothing more to say,  
Yet thought it shameful to give way ;  
Therefore, as usual, in such plight,  
He, bully-like, began a fray,  
And challeng’d his antagonist to fight ;  
But first an oath or two he swore ;  
At which the PLOUGHSHARE smil’d, and said ;  
“ I ne’er was to a duel call’d before,  
Nor will I answer it on any score.  
Not that I am, good Captain Bluff, afraid,  
But working’s mine, and fighting is your trade.  
Howe’er, to clear this point before we part,  
Let us some third impartial person find,  
To judge our case.” “ With all my heart ;  
And yonder’s one just to our mind,

A Mole that sits by the hedge side ;  
She is the fittest to decide :  
Justice, you know, is painted blind."

Each pleaded as he could his cause,  
And quoted customs, cited laws ;  
When each was done, and all was still,  
The Mole, without or hums or haws,  
Pronounc'd this sentence from her hill :—

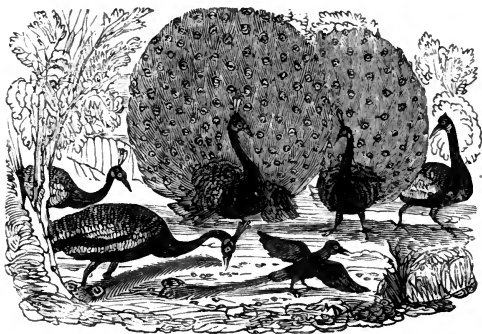
"In the blest age of yore, the golden times,  
When all was common 'mongst the sons of men,  
They had no laws, because they knew no crimes :  
And justice only bore her balance then.

But in succeeding days, when 'Mine' and 'Thine'  
Creep'd in the world with all their wrangling train ;  
The SWORD was ordered, by the pow'rs divine,  
To guard the oppress'd ; the oppressor to restrain.

In vain the farmer tills, manures, and sows ;  
In vain his fields a yellow harvest bear ;  
He often labours but to feed the foes,  
If not protected by the soldier's care.

Then aid each other, or you'll fare the worse ;  
The SOCK the subject, and the SWORD the king :  
The crime is in the abuse, and not the thing ;  
The greatest blessing, or the greatest curse."





## FABLE CI.

### *The Vain Jackdaw.*

[FROM CROXALL.]

A PRAGMATICAL JACKDAW was vain enough to imagine that he wanted nothing but the coloured plumes, to render him as elegant a bird as the PEACOCK. Puffed up with this wise conceit, he dressed himself in some of their most beautiful feathers, and, in this borrowed garb, forsaking his old companions, endeavoured to pass for a PEACOCK; but he no sooner attempted to associate with these elegant birds, than an affected strut betrayed the vain pretender.

The offended PEACOCKS, plucking from him their degraded feathers, soon stripped him of his finery, reduced him to a mere JACKDAW, and drove him back to his brethren ; by whom he was now equally despised and justly punished with derision and contempt.

MORAL.

False pretensions are sure of detection.



## FABLE CII.

## The Youth and the Honeysuckle.

[ From Floral Fables. ]

AT height of noon, a youth reclin'd  
Beneath a Woodbine bow'r ;  
Defended by whose thick'ning shade,  
He pass'd the sultry hour.

But when mild breezes cool'd the air,  
And length'ning shadows rose ;  
He scann'd with philosophic mind  
The place of his repose.

High over-head the twining boughs,  
Where thousand blossoms glow,  
Of ev'ry beam of light bereav'd  
The cool alcove below.

" Ah ! " said the youth, " ungrateful still !  
And dost thou thus repay  
The bounties of that glorious God  
Who wak'd thee into day ?

While he, in his meridian course,  
Illumines wide the sky,  
Dost thou, O, wretch ! resist his pow'r,  
And all his beams defy ? "

Unmov'd, the beauteous Woodbine heard ;  
 Then, nodding from on high,  
 Shook the green honours of her brow,  
 As thus she made reply :—

“ Vain is the hypocritic plea  
 That gilds the selfish end ;  
 And base the poor unfeeling heart  
 That ill repays a friend.

What if my leaves exclude that pow'r  
 By whom thou say'st I live ;  
 Yet he beholds me, while I bloom,  
 And grateful tribute give.

My fragrance, nay, that friendly shade,  
 Which you ungrateful blame,  
 Are off'rings still to Phœbus' self,  
 Who nurs'd them with his flame.

Thou, in my shadows late reclin'd,  
 Could pass the hours at ease ;  
 Then, what is now ingratitude,  
 Thy narrow mind could please.

Take back the charge ; thy maxim too ;  
 With thee let others use :—  
 Keep thou this moral in thy mind,—  
 Enjoy, but not abuse.”

## FABLE CIII.

## The Pike and other Fish.

[ From the Dutch. ]

A PIKE, who always lived in fresh water, and had, meanwhile, observed that all the other FISH avoided him, grew thereby so stout, that, ever afterwards, he fell upon all that came near him, and swallowed them up, and thus made himself lord and master over all the river and fresh water FISH, on whom he fed so plentifully, that he was grown to an unusual size, and thought himself too big and too strong to have the extent of his power and dominion bounded by the river, and to rule over small FISH only. He, therefore, resolved to extend his sway to the sea, and to govern all the FISH that dwelt in the briny flood, though they had never done him any hurt,—nay, were wholly unknown to him.

Accordingly, he swam to the sea, with great joy, to take possession of his imaginary kingdom ; but was no sooner arrived there, than a SHARK and a PORPOISE, fish that he had never seen before, darted at him, and put a check to his great design. He fled from them immediately ; but, in his flight, received several cruel wounds, before he regained the river, where he long

bemoaned his misfortune ; observing, in the mean time, that all the little FISH, who before had shunned him, or been obedient to him, did now rejoice at his wounds and misery, and made sport of him, since he was no longer able to hurt them. This he laid so much to heart, that he died for grief and sorrow.





## FABLE CIV.

### The Bird-Call.

[From the Polish Fables of KRASICKI.]

A MIMIC I knew,  
To give him his due,  
Was exceeded by none, and was equall'd by few.

He could bark like a dog ;  
He could grunt like a hog ;  
Nay, I really believe, he could croak like a frog :

Then, as for a bird,  
You may trust to my word,  
'Twas the best imitation that ever you heard.

It must be confess'd,  
That he copied *them* best ;  
You'd have thought he had liv'd all his life in a nest.

The Chaffinch's tone  
Was completely his own ;  
Not one of the tribe had the difference known.

The Goldfinch and Thrush  
Would often cry "Hush !  
Our brothers are singing in yonder bush."

And then, what a race,  
To fly to the place !  
Where the cunning rogue cleverly caught the brace.

Now it happen'd, one day,  
That he came in the way  
Of a sportsman, an excellent marksman, they say.

While near a hedge-wall,  
With his little bird-call,  
He thought it fine fun to imitate all.

And so well did he do it,  
That many flew to it ;  
But, alas ! he had certainly cause to rue it :

As it proved no fun—  
For, the man with the gun,  
Who was seeking for Partridges, took him for one.



He was shot in the side ;  
And he feelingly cried,  
A very few minutes before he died :

“ Who for others prepare  
A trap, should beware  
That they do not themselves fall into the snare.”



## The Wolf and the Shepherds.

[From the German of LESSING.]

THE rapacious WOLF, advanced in years, formed the hypocritical resolution of endeavouring to cajole the SHEPHERDS; and, in the first instance, repaired to him whose flock was nearest to his den. "SHEPHERD," said he, "you call me a blood-thirsty felon, which I really am not. No doubt, when I am hungry, I have recourse to your sheep, for hunger is unbearable. Protect me from hunger, feed me well, and you shall have no cause to complain; for I assure you that I am the most tame and tender of animals when my appetite is satisfied." "When your appetite is satisfied," answered the SHEPHERD; "but is it ever satisfied? You and the miser never have enough; go your way!"

Thus discarded, the WOLF applied to a second SHEPHERD; and accosting him, "SHEPHERD, you need not to be told than I can kill many of your sheep in the course of a year. Will you allow me six sheep at once, every year, discard your dogs, and sleep in peace?" "Six sheep!" replied the SHEPHERD, "why, that is a whole flock!" "Well, as it is you," rejoined the WOLF, "I will be satisfied with five." "Five sheep! In the whole year, I scarcely sacrifice more than five sheep to Pan." "Then four?" continued the WOLF, while the SHEPHERD shook his head;—"Three? Two?"—"Not one," was the SHEPHERD's answer; "I will never be

so foolish as to pay tribute to an enemy, against whom I can protect myself by my own vigilance."

Three is a lucky number, thought the WOLF, and repaired to a third SHEPHERD. "I am much grieved," said he, "that I am looked upon, by you SHEPHERDS, as the most cruel and remorseless of animals. I will prove to you how much I am wronged. Give me a sheep every year, and your flock shall graze in safety in yonder forest, which I alone make unsafe. One sheep only—what a trifle! Can I be more moderate? can I deal more disinterestedly?—You laugh, SHEPHERD; what excites your mirth?" "Oh! nothing; but how old are you, my good friend?" replied the SHEPHERD. "How can my age concern you? I am quite young enough to kill your finest sheep," growled the WOLF. "Do not grow angry, old Isgrim; I am sorry that you came with your proposal seven years too late. Your broken teeth betray you; you are disinterested only in the hope of feeding more comfortably, and with less danger."

The WOLF became very surly, but composed himself, and sought the fourth SHEPHERD; who having just lost his faithful dog, he deemed the opportunity favourable. "SHEPHERD," he began, "I have quarrelled with my brethren in the woods, and shall never be reconciled to them; you know how much you have to fear in that quarter; but take me into your service, in

the place of your deceased dog, and I pledge myself that they shall no longer look suspiciously on your sheep." "You wish," replied the SHEPHERD, "to protect my sheep from your brethren in the woods!" "Certainly. What else can I mean?" "That might do well enough," rejoined the SHEPHERD, "but who, in that event, is to protect my poor sheep against you? The expedient of taking a thief into the house to protect us from thieves out of it, we men consider—" "I understand you," interrupted the WOLF, "you are beginning to moralize ;—good day !"

"If I were not so old !" muttered the WOLF, "but, alas ! I must yield to time !" and so he proceeded to the fifth SHEPHERD. "Do you know me, SHEPHERD ?" asked the WOLF. "I, at least, am acquainted with your equals," returned the SHEPHERD. "My equals ! that I much doubt ; I am a very singular WOLF, and worthy of your friendship and that of the other SHEPHERDS." "Indeed ! in what does your singularity consist ?" "I could not murder and devour a living sheep, even to save my life :—I feed on mutton only. Is not that praiseworthy ? Allow me, therefore, to call, now and then, on your flock, to inquire whether—" "Spare your civility," answered the SHEPHERD. "If I am no longer to be your enemy, you must refrain from feeding on sheep, dead or alive. A beast who feeds on dead sheep, when hungry, will be tempted to regard

sick ones as dead, and healthy ones as ailing. Do not, therefore, count on my friendship—but begone !”

I must now venture every thing to attain my purpose, thought the WOLF, as he repaired to the sixth SHEPHERD. “SHEPHERD, how do you like my skin?” demanded the WOLF. “Your skin!” answered the SHEPHERD; “let me see; it is a very handsome one; the dogs have but seldom assailed you.” “Well, then, listen, SHEPHERD: I am old, and cannot go on thus much longer; feed me until I die, and I will bequeath you my skin.” “How,” said the SHEPHERD, “have you found out the miserly trick of selling the skin on the back? No, no; your skin would, in the end, cost me more than it is worth; but if you are resolved to make me a present of it, give it me now.”—So saying, the SHEPHERD grasped a spear, and the WOLF took to flight.

“Oh! the merciless crew!” exclaimed the WOLF, in extreme rage; “I will die as becomes their enemy before I am killed with hunger; they will not have it otherwise.” He immediately ran back into the dwellings of the SHEPHERDS, attacked, and tore their children to pieces; and it was with much trouble that the SHEPHERDS at length killed him. “We have acted indiscreetly,” said the wisest among them; “we should not have driven the old robber to the last extremity, forced and late though his repentance was.”



## FABLE CVI.

### The Eagle and the Assembly of Animals.

[From GAY.]

AS Jupiter's all-seeing eye  
Survey'd the worlds beneath the sky,  
From this small speck of earth were sent  
Murmurs and sounds of discontent ;  
For ev'ry thing alive complain'd,  
That he the hardest life sustain'd.  
Jove calls his EAGLE ; at the word  
Before him stands the royal bird.  
Th' obedient bird, from heav'n's height,  
Downward directs his happy flight ;

Then cited ev'ry living thing,  
To hear the mandates of his king.

“ Ungrateful creatures ! whence arise  
These murmurs, which offend the skies ?  
Why this disorder ? say the cause ;  
For just are Jove's eternal laws :  
Let each his discontent reveal ;  
To you, sour Dog, I first appeal.”

“ Hard is my lot,” the HOUND replies ;  
“ On what fleet nerves the GREYHOUND flies ;  
While I, with weary step and slow,  
O'er plains and vales, and mountains go ;  
The morning sees my chase begun,  
Nor ends it till the setting sun.”

“ When,” says the GREYHOUND, “ I pursue,  
My game is lost, or caught in view ;  
Beyond my sight the prey's secure :  
The HOUND is slow, but always sure.  
And had I his sagacious scent,  
Jove ne'er had heard my discontent.”

The LION crav'd the Fox's art ;  
The Fox, the LION's force and heart.  
The Cock implor'd the PIGEON's flight,  
Whose wings were rapid, strong, and light ;  
The PIGEON, strength of wing despis'd,  
And the Cock's matchless valour priz'd ;

The Fishes wish'd to graze the plain ;  
The Beasts to skim beneath the main.  
Thus, envious of another's state,  
Each blam'd the partial hand of fate.

The bird of heav'n then cried aloud,  
" Jove bids disperse the murm'ring crowd ;  
The god rejects your idle prayers :  
Would ye, rebellious mutineers !  
Entirely change your name and nature,  
And be the very envied creature ?  
What, silent all ; and none consent ?  
Be happy then, and learn content ;  
Nor imitate the restless mind  
And proud ambition of mankind."

MORAL.

Every one thinks his own condition the hardest.





## FABLE CVII.

### The Proud Frog.

[ FROM DODSLEY.]

A FROG, being wonderfully struck with the size and majesty of an Ox that was grazing in the marshes, could not forbear endeavouring to expand herself to the same portly magnitude.

After puffing and swelling for some time, "What think you, sister?" said she; "Will this do?" "Far from it." "Will this?" "By no means." "But this, surely, will?" "Nothing like it."

In short, after many ridiculous efforts to the same fruitless purpose, the simple FROG burst her skin, and miserably expired upon the spot.

MORAL.

Attempting what is out of our power, only exposes us to ridicule and contempt.



## FABLE CVIII.

## The Dog and the Cat.

[From DENIS.]

A Dog there was of special fame,  
 Of Spaniel breed, and Larder was his name;  
 We might have call'd him Pompey, Cæsar, Lion;  
 - But, as times go, 'tis much the same:  
 No prop he wanted to rely on.  
 His virtues all self-centred meet;  
 Mild, faithful, affable, discreet.  
 Good-natur'd Larder was both here and there,  
 Would fetch and carry, back and forwards run;  
 Or hunt the duck, or course the hare,  
 And roast them when he'd done.  
 So much to please he had at heart;  
 The cook ne'er need to call out "faster!"  
 Nor when about he drew the cart,  
 With little miss or master.  
 In all the house, from high to low,  
 Our Spaniel could not count a foe;  
 Except a spiteful CAT,  
 Whose friendship was like that  
 Of human-kind,—mere outward shew.  
 Larder, in some contention for a bone,  
 Without design, the vixen's ear had torn:  
 For which a secret grudge she bore;

And now resolves, his life alone  
Should for so great a crime atone.

Malice, for ever on the watch

An opportunity to catch,

At last the moment found.

A fav'rite Daw, that hopp'd around,

By luckless chance fell in the way,

Where Puss in wicked ambush lay.

Sudden she seiz'd him by the throat,

And stopp'd for e'er his prating note :

Then plac'd the corpse at Larder's door ;

Retired, lay down, and purr'd demure.

The mistress of the house no sooner spied

Her mangled darling where it lay ;

"Haste, all, to my revenge," she cried,

"This villain, monster, murderer, slay ;

'Tis blood alone can blood repay."

With grief the servants took the harsh commands,

And on poor Larder lay their violent hands.

Each, as he struck, a tear let fall,—

But that was all.

To friendship, then, what vain pretence?

Where none stood up in his defence.

The CAT, indeed, came in their head.

"Who knows," they said,

"But he has suffer'd for another's crime !"

Reflection now was out of time ;

"'Twas pity ; but it can't be help'd ; he's dead."



## FABLE CIX.

### Hercules and the Carter.

[FROM CROXALL.]

AS a clownish fellow was driving his cart along a deep miry lane, the wheels stuck so fast in the clay, that the horses could not draw them out. Upon this, he fell a bawling and praying to HERCULES to come and help him. HERCULES, looking down from a cloud, bid him not lie there, like an idle rascal as he was, but get up and whip his horses stoutly, and clap his shoulder to the wheel; adding, that this was the only way for him to obtain his assistance.

MORAL.

Heaven helps those who help themselves.

## FABLE CX.

## The Two Pots.

[ FROM ARWAKER. ]

TWO Pots of diff'rent size and matter made,  
 Were swiftly down a rolling stream convey'd.  
 The larger vessel, form'd of solid brass,  
 Did boldly o'er the rapid water pass;  
 While that, whose substance was but brittle clay,  
 Would, for his safety, give the stronger way.  
 Him, the brass Pot invited to draw near,  
 And said, "His frailty need not cause his fear;  
 For he, with just precaution, would prevent  
 The danger of their jostling as they went."

The earthen Pot, that knew his weaker frame,  
 Excus'd himself, that he no nearer came;  
 And said, "My friend, if the impetuous tide  
 Should dash my clay against your brazen side,  
 By the hard fate of that unequal stroke,  
 While you are whole, I shall be surely broke."

## MORAL.

Men safest still in equal friendship live,  
 Where they can do no harm, and none receive:  
 The strong, by pow'r led to insult the weak,  
 With ev'ry touch the brittle vessels break;  
 While they, abus'd and injur'd by the strong,  
 Must, without remedy, sustain the wrong.



## FABLE CXI.

### The Goose with the Golden Eggs.

[FROM CROXALL.]

A CERTAIN man had the good fortune to possess a Goose, which laid him a golden egg every day. But, not contented with this, which rather increased than abated his avarice, he was resolved to kill the Goose, and cut up her belly, that so he might at once come to the inexhaustible treasure, which he fancied she had within her, without being obliged to wait for the slow production of a single egg daily. He did so; and, to his great sorrow and disappointment, found nothing.

## MORAL.

He, whose greedy, grasping mind,  
Sudden riches hopes to find,  
Not content with what he's got,  
To lose it all shall be his lot.





## FABLE CXII.

## The Mice in Council.

[FROM LA FONTAINE.]

THERE once was a Cat, of all tabbies the flower,  
 Who with zeal so unwearied would vermin devour,  
 That her master's wide buildings she clear'd in a trice,  
 Destroy'd all the Rats and two-thirds of the MICE.  
 The remnant there left,—poor unfortunate souls!—  
 Were starv'd, as they scarcely dar'd peep from their  
 holes.

For, like the furr'd Cats of old Rabelais' forum,  
 She seiz'd 'em, and bit 'em, and claw'd 'em, and tore  
 'em.

Puss, in short, through the granary, stable, and house,  
 Was the utter abhorrence of every MOUSE.  
 E'en the sound of her name all the MICE of the barn  
 hate ;

They think her no Cat, but a devil incarnate.  
 One night, (for, tho' cruel, what heart is love-proof ?)  
 With a friend, an appointment she made on the roof.  
 The MICE, when they ceas'd to see, hear, or smell her,  
 Quickly summon'd a chapter to meet in the cellar.  
 The cause was proclaim'd in a manner precise,  
 To save from perdition the whole race of MICE.

They met :—other members had nought to propose,  
 When the Dean of the synod with gravity rose.

“ I have hit on a plan,” said the senior, “ with me I think, my dear friends, you’ll not fail to agree : Of our velvet-shod foe the rapidity such is, Ere we hear her light footsteps we feel her sharp clutches ; On the matter in hand I’ll not tediously dwell ; My scheme—round her neck is to fasten a bell ;— And then, on our haunts as this savage beast pounces, Her approach, in a moment, this warning announces. By night and by day a strict watch duly keeping, A time may be found when this demon is sleeping. This done, no more danger we fear from her claws.” He ceas’d, and the conclave all murmur’d applause. Said a long whisker’d MOUSE, “ For this able oration, We owe to our president much obligation, And the plan has been voted by just acclamation ; There nothing remains but this question to ask :— What MICE volunteer for this difficult task ?”— Now silence ensued :—when he urg’d a reply, The answer return’d by each MOUSE was, “ Not I !” Grimalkin appear’d ; soon dissolv’d the divan, And away to their holes every MOUSE of them ran !



## FABLE CXIII.

### The Old Hound and the Huntsman.

[FROM CROXALL.]

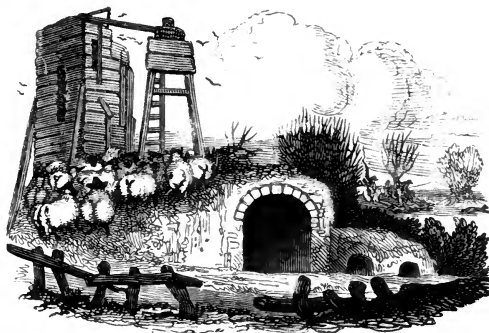
AN old HOUND, who had been an excellent good one in his time, and given his master great sport and satisfaction in many a chase, at last, worn out by age, became feeble and unserviceable. However, being in the field, one day, when the Stag was almost run down, he happened to be the first that came in with him, and seized him by one of his haunches; but his decayed and broken teeth not being able to keep their hold, the Deer escaped, and threw him quite out. Upon which,

his master, being in a great passion, and going to strike him, the honest old creature is said to have barked out this apology:—"Ah! do not strike your poor, old servant; it is not my heart and inclination, but my strength and speed, that fail me. If what I now am displeases you, pray recollect what I have been.

MORAL.

Past services should never be forgotten.





## FABLE CXIV.

### The Needless Alarm.

[FROM COWPER.]

THERE is a field, through which I often pass,  
Thick overspread with moss and silky grass ;  
A narrow brook, by rushy banks conceal'd,  
Runs in a bottom, and divides the field ;  
And where the land slopes to its wat'ry bourn,  
Wide yawns a gulf beside a ragged thorn ;  
Bricks line the sides, but shiver'd long ago,  
And horrid brambles intertwine below.  
The corn was hous'd, and beans were in the stack,  
Now, therefore, issued forth the spotted pack,

With tails high mounted, ears hung low, and throats  
With a whole gamut fill'd of heav'nly notes ;  
Sheep graz'd the field,—some with soft bosom press'd  
The herb as soft, while nibbling stray'd the rest ;  
Nor noise was heard but of the hasty brook,  
Struggling, detain'd in many a pretty nook.  
But when the huntsman, with distended cheek,  
'Gan make his instrument of music speak,  
And from within the wood that crash was heard,  
Though not a hound from whom it burst appear'd,  
The sheep recumbent, and the sheep that graz'd,  
All huddling into phalanx, stood, and gaz'd ;  
Admiring, terrified, the novel strain,  
Then cours'd the field around, and cours'd it round  
again ;  
But recollecting, with a sudden thought,  
That flight, in circles urg'd, advanc'd them nought,  
They gather'd close around the old pit's brink,  
And thought again,—but knew not how to think.  
Awhile they mus'd, surveying ev'ry face,  
Thou hadst suppos'd them of superior race ;  
Their periwigs of wool, and fears combin'd,  
Stamp'd on each countenance such marks of mind ;  
When thus a mutton, statelier than the rest,  
A ram, the ewes and wethers sad, address'd :—

“ Friends ! we have liv'd too long ;—I never heard  
Sounds such as these, so worthy to be fear'd ;

Could I believe that winds, for ages pent  
In earth's dark womb, have found, at last, a vent,  
And from their prison-house below, arise  
With all these hideous howlings, to the skies,  
I could be much compos'd ; nor should appear,  
For such a cause, to feel the slightest fear.  
Yourselves have seen, what time the thunder roll'd  
All night, me resting quiet in the fold ;  
Or heard we that tremendous bray alone,  
I should expound the melancholy tone ;  
Should deem it by our old companion made,  
The ass ; for he, we know, has lately stray'd ;  
And being lost, perhaps, and wandering wide,  
Might be supposed to clamour for a guide :—  
But, ah ! those dreadful yells what soul can hear,  
That owns a carcass, and not quake for fear ?  
Demons produce them ; doubtless, brazen-claw'd,  
And fang'd with brass, the demons are abroad :  
I hold it, therefore, wisest and most fit,  
That, life to save, we leap into the pit.”  
Him answer'd, then, his loving mate and true,  
But more discreet than he, a Cambrian ewe :—

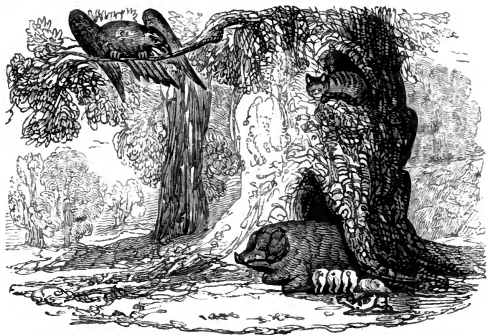
“ How, leap into the pit, our life to save !  
To save our life, leap all into the grave !  
For, can we find it less ?—Contemplate first  
The depth, how awful ! falling there, we burst ;

Or, should the brambles interpose, our fall  
In part abate, that happiness were small ;  
For, with a race like theirs, no chance I see  
Of peace, or ease, to creatures clad as we ;  
Meantime, noise kills not : be it Dapple's bray,  
Or be it not ; or be it whose it may ;  
And rush those other sounds, that seem by tongues  
Of demons utter'd, from whatever lungs,  
Sounds are but sounds ; and, till the cause appear,  
We have, at least, commodious standing here :  
Come fiend, come fury, giant, monster, blast  
From earth or hell, we can but plunge at last."'  
While thus she spake, they fainter heard the peals,  
For Reynard, close attended at his heels  
By panting dog, tir'd man, and spatter'd horse,  
Through mere good fortune took a different course.

## MORAL.

Beware of desp'rate steps, the darkest day,  
Wait till to-morrow, will have pass'd away.





## FABLE CXV.

### The Eagle, the Cat, and the Sow.

[FROM CROXALL.]

AN EAGLE had built her nest upon the top branches of an old Oak ; a wild CAT inhabited a hole in the middle ; and in the hollow part, at the bottom, was a Sow, with a whole litter of Pigs. A happy neighbourhood ; and might long have continued so, had it not been for the wicked insinuations of the designing CAT. For, first of all, up she crept to the EAGLE ; and, “ Good neighbour,” says she, “ we shall be all undone : that filthy Sow, yonder, does nothing but lie routing at the foot of the tree ; and, as I suspect, intends to grub it up, that she may the more easily come at our young ones. For my part, I will take care of my own concerns ; you

may do as you please, but I will watch her motions, though I stay at home this month for it."

When she had said this, which could not fail of putting the EAGLE into a great fright, down she went, and made a visit to the Sow, at the bottom ; and, putting on a sorrowful face, "I hope," says she, "you do not intend to go abroad to-day?" "Why not?" says the Sow. "Nay," replies the other, "you may do as you please ; but I overheard the EAGLE tell her young ones that she would treat them with a Pig, the first time she saw you go out ; and I am not sure but she may take up with a Kitten, in the mean time ; so, good morrow to you ! you will excuse me, I must go and take care of the little folks at home."

Away she went accordingly ; and by contriving to steal out softly at nights for her prey, and to stand watching and peeping all day at her hole, as under great concern, she made such an impression upon the EAGLE and the Sow, that neither of them dared venture abroad for fear of the other. The consequence of which was, that themselves, and their young ones, in a little time, were all starved, and made prizes of, by the treacherous CAT and her Kittens.

#### MORAL.

Wicked words

Hurt more than swords.

## FABLE CXVI.

The Brahmin, Hedgehog, Snail, and  
Sensitibe Plant.

TO guide the treasures we enjoy,  
And ev'ry gift of mind employ,  
That we may blessings round us spread,  
Cheering the path of life we tread;  
To like the sun and southern show'rs,  
T' adorn the earth with richest flow'rs;  
Yet to submit, at times, to pain,  
Is fortitude we must attain.

In eastern climes, a fav'rite spot  
Was made a gard'ner's happy lot,  
Who taught each shrub to flourish there,  
Which suited climate, soil, and air;  
Insects and plants to him were kind,  
Th' adoptive father of the mind:  
For, as Pythagoras explor'd,  
Your slave to-day might next be lord.  
A HEDGEHOG, tracing from the glade,  
Crush'd a trim plant that lov'd the shade;  
Who shrank immediate from the blow,  
And quick sensation laid it low.  
Prostrate his verdant beauties lay;  
Yet still the HEDGEHOG kept his way:

Folded within his prickly state,  
 Callous he view'd the other's fate ;  
 Complaint was heard with silent scorn,  
 Unpitied by that moving thorn.

A SNAIL, chance neighbour to the strife,  
 Who in himself led quiet life,  
 Was busied in surveying round,  
 His own importance on the ground ;  
 His shell adorn'd with pearly hue,  
 Tinctur'd with gold, and strip'd with blue ;  
 Heard the sad story of the PLANT,  
 But could not even pity grant :  
 His house was safe, his utmost care,  
 All other things were passing air.

“ Good Heav'n ! ” exclaim'd the suff'ring LEAF,  
 “ Why was I made alone for grief ?  
 Why sensitive ?—thus doom'd by laws,  
 Unable to revenge my cause !  
 That ev'ry ruffian passer-by  
 Can make me bleed—Oh ! let me die ! ”  
 “ Complain no more,” was heard a voice ;  
 “ But bear it, reason, and rejoice.”

A BRAHMIN, who, at dawn of day,  
 Had to his temple been to pray,  
 By chance, was thither musing led,  
 Resolving visions of the dead :

He heard the PLANT, he saw the deed,  
And, pitying, spoke, in time of need.  
“Complain no more; for spirits know,  
Ye are but passengers below;  
Invested each with transient pow’r,  
To fill the progress of an hour.  
That HEDGEHOG, through a train of years,  
However varied, shape and ears,  
Whether in upright form he’s dress’d,  
Shall the same HEDGEHOG be confess’d.  
Rude and unfeeling, saucy, proud,  
He’ll trample on the weaker crowd;  
And, folded up in fancied state,  
Insult the difference made by fate.  
That SNAIL, again, thy wish’d-for friend,  
Still shall be SNAIL, what may attend;  
In lazy peace he crawls along,  
Gaz’d at, and envied by the throng  
Of flutt’ring insects, who expire  
With that day’s sun, which was their sire:  
As to yourself, resolve and hear,—  
You shall adorn another sphere.  
Our state of trial here below,  
Makes mortal pain a constant foe;  
And you, thus tried, shall pass approv’d,  
To higher stations more belov’d:  
Years are the foliage of decay,  
They spring, bear fruit, and fade away;

In varied forms their produce grows,  
Alternately our friends or foes.  
Thee, gentle spirit, they may wound,  
Depress and tear, but not confound.  
Such beings pass we by, assur'd  
They have their use, and are endur'd :  
Reason is Time's most beauteous flow'r,  
Emplanted by th' Omniscient Pow'r,  
To grace Creation's lovely land,  
And worthy his almighty hand.  
Touch'd, then, with hope, what's here disdain,  
And rise superior to pain :  
To minds improv'd, new form is giv'n,  
And sweet gradation leads to heav'n.  
Hope well assur'd, and you shall see,  
Futurity has joys for thee."



## FABLE CXVII.

### The Lark and her Young Ones.

[ FROM CROXALL. ]

A LARK, who had young ones in a field of corn, which was almost ripe, was under some fear lest the reapers should come to reap it before her young brood was fledged, and able to remove from the place. She, therefore, upon flying abroad to look for food, left this charge with them :—That they should take notice what they heard talked of in her absence, and tell her of it when she came back again.

When she was gone, they heard the owner of the corn call to his son ; “ Well,” says he, “ I think this

corn is ripe enough; I would have you go early to-morrow, and desire our friends and neighbours to come and help us to reap it." When the old LARK came home, the young ones fell a quivering and chirping around her, and told her what had happened, begging her to remove them as fast as she could. The mother bid them to be easy; "For," says she, "if the owner depends upon his friends and neighbours, I am pretty sure the corn will not be reaped to-morrow."

Next day, she went out again, upon the same occasion, and left the same orders with them as before. The owner came, and staid, expecting those he had sent to; but the sun grew hot, and nothing was done, for not a soul came to help him. "Then," says he to his son, "I perceive these friends of ours are not to be depended upon; so that you must even go to your uncles and cousins, and tell them I desire they would be here betimes to-morrow morning, to help us to reap." Well, this, the young ones, in a great fright, reported also to their mother. "If that be all," says she, "do not be frightened, children; for kindred and relations do not use to be so very forward to serve one another: but take particular notice what you hear said the next time, and be sure you let me know it."

She went abroad the next day, as usual; and the owner, finding his relations as slack as the rest of his neighbours, said to his son, "Hark ye, George, do you



get a couple of good sickles ready against to-morrow morning, and we will even reap the corn ourselves." When the young ones told their mother this, "Then," says she, "we must be gone, indeed; for when a man undertakes to do his business himself, it is not so likely he will be disappointed." So she removed her young ones immediately; and the corn was reaped, the next day, by the good man and his son.

## MORAL.

No business so sure to be done as that which a man sets about doing himself.





FABLE CXVIII.

The Cat and the Poet.

[FROM COWPER.]

A POET'S CAT, sedate and grave,  
As poet well could wish to have,  
Was much addicted to inquire  
For nooks to which she might retire ;  
And where, secure as mouse in chink,  
She might repose, or sit and think.

I know not where she caught the trick ;  
Nature, perhaps, herself had cast her  
In such a mould philosophique ;  
Or else she learn'd it of her master.

Sometimes ascending, debonaire,  
An apple-tree or lofty pear ;  
Lodg'd, with convenience, in the fork,  
She watch'd the gardener at his work.  
Sometimes her ease and solace sought  
In an old empty watering-pot ;  
There wanting nothing, save a fan,  
To seem some nymph in her sedan,  
Apparell'd in exactest sort,  
And ready to be borne to court.  
But love of change, it seems, has place,  
Not only in our wiser race,  
Cats also feel, as well as we,  
That passion's force, and so did she.  
Her climbing, she began to find,  
Expos'd her too much to the wind ;  
And the old watering-pot of tin  
Was cold and comfortless within :  
She, therefore, wish'd, instead of those,  
Some place of more serene repose,  
Where neither cold might come, nor air,  
To rudely wanton with her hair ;  
And sought it, in the likeliest mode,  
Within her master's snug abode.  
A drawer, it chanc'd at bottom lin'd  
With linen of the softest kind,  
With such as merchants introduce  
From India, for the ladies' use ;

A drawer, impending o'er the rest,  
Half open, in the topmost chest,  
Of depth enough and none to spare,  
Invited her to slumber there ;  
Puss, with delight beyond expression,  
Survey'd the scene, and took possession.  
Recumbent at her ease, ere long,  
And lull'd by her own hum-drum song,  
She left the cares of life behind,

And slept as she would sleep her last ;  
When in came, housewifely inclin'd,

The chambermaid, and shut it fast :  
By no malignity impell'd,  
But all unconscious whom it held.

Awakened by the shock, cried Puss,  
" Was ever CAT attended thus !

The open drawer was left, I see,  
Merely to prove a nest for me.

For soon as I was well compos'd,  
Then came the maid, and it was clos'd.  
How smooth these 'kerechiefs, and how sweet !  
Oh ! what a delicate retreat !

I will resign myself to rest,  
Till Sol, declining in the west,  
Shall call to supper, when, no doubt,  
Susan will come and let me out."

The evening came, the sun descended,  
And Puss remained still unattended.

The night roll'd tardily away,  
(With her, indeed, 'twas never day.)  
The sprightly morn her course renew'd,  
The evening grey again ensued,  
And Puss came into mind no more  
Than if entomb'd the day before.

With hunger pinch'd, and pinch'd for room,  
She now presag'd approaching doom ;  
Nor slept a single wink, nor purr'd,  
Conscious of jeopardy incurr'd.  
That night, by chance, a PoET, watching,  
Heard an inexplicable scratching ;  
His noble heart went pit-a-pat,  
And to himself he said,—“ What's that ? ”  
He drew the curtain at his side,  
And forth he peep'd, but nothing spied ;  
Yet, by his ear directed, guess'd  
Something imprison'd in the chest ;  
And, doubtful what, with prudent care  
Resolv'd it should continue there :  
At length, a voice which well he knew,  
A long and melancholy mew,  
Saluting his poetic ears,  
Consoled him, and dispell'd his fears ;  
He left his bed, he trod the floor,  
He 'gan, in haste, the drawers explore ;  
The lowest first, and, without stop,  
The rest in order, to the top.

For 'tis a truth unknown to most,  
That whatsoever thing is lost,  
We seek it, ere it come to light,  
In every 'cranny but the right. '  
Forth skipp'd the CAT, not now replete,  
As erst, with airy self-conceit ;  
Nor, in her own fond apprehension,  
A theme for all the world's attention ;  
But modest, sober, cured of all  
Her notions hyperbolical ;  
And wishing, for her place of rest,  
Any thing rather than a chest.  
Then stepp'd the POET into bed,  
With this reflection in his head :—

## MORAL.

Beware of too sublime a sense  
Of your own worth and consequence :  
For he who dreams himself so great,  
And his importance of such weight,  
That all around, in all that's done,  
Must move and act for him alone,  
Will learn, in school of tribulation,  
The folly of his expectation

## FABLE CXIX.

## The Toad and the Ephemeron.

[From DODSLEY.]

AS some workmen were digging marble in a mountain of Scythia, they discerned a TOAD of an enormous size in the midst of a solid rock. They were very much surprised at so uncommon an appearance, and the more they considered the circumstances of it, the more their wonder increased. They could conclude no other, than that he was formed together with the rock in which he had been bred, and was coeval with the mountain itself.

While they were pursuing these speculations, the TOAD sat swelling and bloating, till he was ready to burst with pride and self-importance; to which, at last, he thus gave vent:—"Yes," says he, "you behold in me a specimen of the antediluvian race of animals. I was begotten before the flood; and who is there, among the present upstart race of mortals, that shall dare to contend with me in nobility of birth, or dignity of character?"

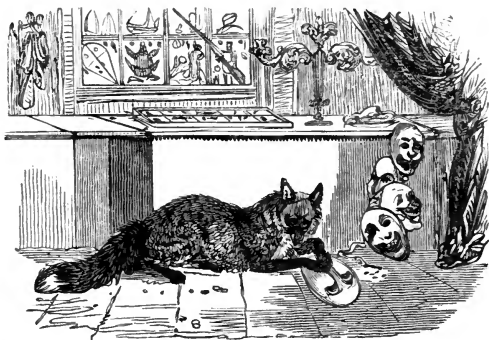
AN EPHEMERON, sprung that morning from the river Hypanis, as he was flying about from place to place, chanced to be present, and observed all that passed with great attention and curiosity. "Vain boaster!" says he, "what foundation hast thou for pride, either in

thy descent, merely because it is ancient, or thy life, because it has been long? What good qualities hast thou received from thy ancestors? Insignificant even to thyself, as well as useless to others; thou art almost as insensible as the block in which thou wast bred. Even I, that had my birth only from the scum of the neighbouring river, at the rising of this day's sun, and who shall die at its setting, have more reason to applaud my condition, than thou hast to be proud of thine. I have enjoyed the warmth of the sun, the light of the day, and the purity of the air: I have flown from stream to stream, from tree to tree, and from the plain to the mountain: I have provided for posterity, and shall leave behind me a numerous offspring to people the next age of to-morrow: in short, I have fulfilled all the ends of my being, and I have been happy. My whole life, it is true, is but of twelve hours; but even one hour of it is to be preferred to a thousand years of mere existence, which have been spent, like thine, in sloth, ignorance, and stupidity!"

#### MORAL.

The distinctions of birth are less honorable than the honest exertions of industry.





## FABLE CXX.

### The Fox and the Mask.

[Paraphrased from Esop.]

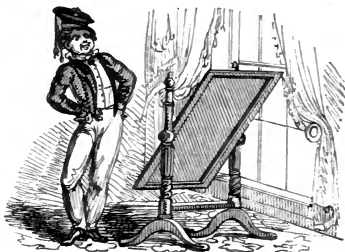
A Fox walked round a Toyman's shop,  
(How he came there, pray do not ask)  
But soon he made a sudden stop,  
To look and wonder at a MASK.

The MASK was beautiful and fair,  
A perfect MASK as e'er was made;  
And which a Lady meant to wear  
At the ensuing Masquerade.

He turn'd it round, with much surprise,  
To find it prove so light and thin ;  
“ How strange ! ” astonish'd REYNARD cries,  
“ Here's mouth and nose, and eyes and chin ;

And cheeks and lips, extremely pretty ;  
And yet, one thing there still remains  
To make it perfect,—what a pity,  
So fine a head should have no brains ! ”

Thus, to some boy or maiden pretty,  
Who to get learning takes no pains,  
May we exclaim, “ Ah ! what a pity,  
So fine a head should have no brains ! ”



## FABLE CXXI.

*The Spiders, Flies, and Swallows.*

[ From the Dutch. ]

THE SPIDERS, long ago, represented to the FLIES and the SWALLOWS, that all things were created for the use of man; and that, therefore, all animals, especially themselves, ought to make it their study to be serviceable to mankind; but that, on the contrary, many of them filled their clothes with moths, their meat with maggots, and defiled their sweetest and best liquors, by sipping in them themselves. The SPIDERS, therefore, commanded, that no flying thing, of what condition or quality soever, should, for the future, enter into the houses of men, on forfeiture of life and estate; and, to render this their law the more effectual, they instantly, before all the doors and windows, spun their artful webs; which the FLIES not seeing, or, at least, despising, were, as they endeavoured to fly into the houses, taken in those nets; and the SPIDERS, under colour of justice, and that they had transgressed the known laws, put them to death, and lived in plenty on their flesh and blood.

By this means, they grew very troublesome to the FLIES, who appointed and sent an envoy to the SWALLOWS, with this message:—"The poisonous SPIDERS pretend, in their laws, to be very zealous for

the welfare of men, particularly of the poor ; whereas they design nothing by those laws, but to have a fair colour of making us wretches their prey, and to glut themselves with our blood : and since, by so doing, they deprive you of a great part of your food, it is evident, that their malice aims not more at us than at you ; and that they design, when they have, by this means, brought you to be weak, to weave their webs stronger, and hang them higher, that they may then take, kill, and eat you, as they now do us, though you are known to be true lovers of, and good neighbours to, men. We, therefore, willingly throw ourselves upon you ; choosing, much rather, since our nature is such that we cannot enjoy the open air at liberty, to be a prey to such tuneful birds as yourselves, than to the filthy, poisonous, hypocritical SPIDERS. Be, therefore, so kind, both to yourselves and us, as to fly through, and break their webs to pieces."

The SWALLOWS liked these reasons very well, for they agreed with their own interest ; and, besides, they took it so heinously, that the SPIDERS, by their laws, durst prescribe limits to the freedom of their flight, that they, from that time, began to fly through, and break down the webs, and to chase away the SPIDERS themselves ; whose monarchy or republic, they, in a little time, entirely destroyed.



FABLE CXXII.

The Lion, the Tiger, and the Traveller.

[From GAY.]

A TIGER, roaming for his prey,  
Sprang on a TRAVELLER in the way ;  
The prostrate game a LION spies,  
And on the greedy tyrant flies :  
With mingled roar resounds the wood ;  
Their teeth, their claws, distil with blood ;  
'Till, vanquish'd by the LION's strength,  
The spotted foe extends his length.  
The Man besought the shaggy lord,  
And, on his knees, for life implor'd :

His life the gen'rous hero gave.  
Together walking to his cave ;  
The LION thus bespoke his guest :—

“What hardy beast shall dare contest  
My matchless strength? You saw the fight,  
And must attest my pow'r and right ;  
Forc'd to forego their native home,  
My starving slaves at distance roam ;  
Within these woods I reign alone,  
The boundless forest is my own.  
Bears, Wolves, and all the savage brood,  
Have dy'd the regal den with blood ;  
These carcasses on either hand,  
Those bones, that whiten all the land,  
My former deeds and triumphs tell :  
Beneath these jaws what numbers fell !”

“True,” says the Man ; “the strength I saw  
Might well the brutal nation awe ;  
But shall a monarch, brave like you,  
Place glory in so false a view ?  
Robbers invade their neighbour's right :  
Be lov'd ; let justice bound your might.  
Mean are ambitious heroes' boasts,  
Of wasted lands and slaughter'd hosts.  
Pirates, their pow'r by murder gain ;  
Wise kings by love and mercy reign.

To me your clemency hath shewn  
The virtue worthy of a throne.  
Heav'n gives you pow'r above the rest,  
Like Heav'n, to succour the distress'd."

"The case is plain," the monarch said ;  
"False glory hath my youth misled ;  
For beasts of prey, a servile train,  
Have been the flatt'ers of my reign.  
You reason well ; yet, tell me, friend,  
Did ever you in courts attend?  
For all my fawning rogues agree,  
That human heroes rule like me."

## MORAL.

It is inconsistent with true glory to triumph over a  
vanquished enemy.



## The Raven, the Flies, and the Bee.

[From the Dutch.]

A RAVEN, pinched with hunger, saw a very fat serpent lying asleep, and thought she had found a fair opportunity at once to satisfy both her hunger and luxury. She, therefore, seized, and meant to have devoured him immediately; but the serpent awaked, and stung her so sore, that she soon died of the wound.

A FLY, seeing a great piece of warm flesh, dished up with soup boiling hot, and knowing that the heat of it would burn her, if she imprudently set herself down on the dish, flew backwards and forwards through the steam, that she might judge from thence when it was cold enough to fall to; but she observed not, the while, it had moistened her wings; so that, meaning once more to try the heat of the soup, they became so flabby, that, unable to support herself with them, she dropped into the dish, and was drowned.

A BEE, who had heard of these two accidents, thought herself very happy that her condition exposed her not to the like misfortunes; but that she, without danger of her life, could enjoy the sweets of the fragrant flowers, in which she took so much delight. But settling herself, one day, about noon, in a full-blown flower, whose grateful odour transported her



beyond herself, she forgot to return to her hive before sun-set, when the flower closed its leaves and locked her in, where she was stifled amidst the enjoyment of those balmy sweets.

Another FLY, who had heard of all these misfortunes, resolved to take warning by them, and to govern her affairs with greater prudence. She, therefore, never sought her food on the bodies of men or beasts, who she knew could do her a mischief; but fed on sugar, and the finest fruits, where there was no danger: and thus she lived, in plenty and delight, till at length she chanced to light upon some honey; which, when she had tasted, she found so delicious, that, forgetting her former resolves of temperance, she was not content to reach it with her mouth only, but flew and set her whole body down in the midst of the clammy sweet; whence, when she had eaten her fill, she in vain endeavoured to be gone, for her legs stuck fast in the honey; and when she spread her wings, and made all her efforts to fly, she found herself but more and more entangled. Thus, she soon was stifled; and lost her life in the too hot pursuit of those enjoyments on which she had most doted.

#### MORAL.

Inordinate desires are never indulged with impunity.



FABLE CXXIV.

The Ass and the Lamb.

[From the Polish of KRASICKI.]

“HOW hard is my fate !  
What sorrows await,”

Said the Ass to the SHEEP, “my deplorable state !

Cold, naked, ill-fed,  
I sleep in a shed,

Where the snow, wind, and rain come in over my head.

All this day did I pass  
In a yard without grass :—

What a pity that I was created an Ass !

As for master,—he sat  
By the fire, with the Cat ;  
And they both look as you do, contented and fat.  
Your nice coat of wool,  
So elastic and full,  
Makes you much to be envied,—ay, more than the bull.”  
“ How can you pretend,”  
Said her poor bleating friend,  
“ To complain? Let me silence to you recommend.  
My sorrows are deep,”  
Continued the SHEEP,  
And her eyes look’d as if she were ready to weep.  
“ I expect,—’tis no fable,—  
To be dragg’d from the stable,  
And, to-morrow, perhaps, cut up for the table.  
Now you—with docility,  
Strength, and civility,—  
Will live some years longer—in all probability.  
So, no envy, I beg,  
For I’ll bet you an egg,  
You will carry the spinach to eat with my leg.”

## MORAL.

The situation of those we envy is often much worse than our own.

## FABLE CXXV.

## The Fox and the Bramble.

[FROM DODSLEY.]

A Fox, closely pursued by a pack of Dogs, took shelter under the covert of a BRAMBLE. He rejoiced in this asylum, and, for awhile, was very happy; but soon found, that if he attempted to stir, he was wounded by thorns and prickles on every side. However, making a virtue of necessity, he forebore to complain, and comforted himself with reflecting, that no bliss is perfect; that good and evil are mixed, and flow from the same fountain. "These BRIARS, indeed," said he, "will tear my skin a little; yet they keep off the Dogs. For the sake of the good, then, let me bear the evil with patience; each bitter has its sweet; and these BRAMBLES, though they wound my flesh, preserve my life from danger."



## FABLE CXXVI.

## The Bears and the Bees.

[By MERRICK.]

AS two young BEARS, in wanton mood,  
Forth issuing from a neighb'ring wood,  
Came where th' industrious BEES had stor'd,  
In artful cells, their luscious hoard ;  
O'erjoy'd they seiz'd, with eager haste,  
Luxurious, on the rich repast.  
Alarm'd at this, the little crew  
About their ears vindictive flew.  
The Beasts, unable to sustain  
The unequal combat, quit the plain ;  
Half blind with rage, and mad with pain,  
Their native shelter they regain ;  
There sit, and now discreeter grown,  
Too late their rashness they bemoan ;  
And this, by dear experience gain,—  
That pleasure's ever bought with pain.  
So, when the gilded baits of vice  
Are plac'd before our longing eyes,  
With greedy haste we snatch our fill,  
And swallow down the latent ill :  
But when experience opes our eyes,  
Away the fancied pleasure flies.  
It flies, but oh ! too late we find  
It leaves a real sting behind.

## FABLE CXXVII.

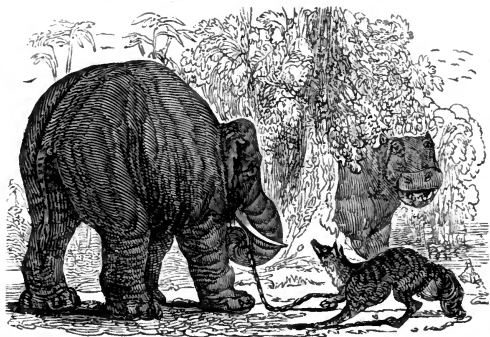
**The Ornamented Bow.**

[From the German of LESSING.]

A man possessed an excellent Bow, made of ebony, with which he could shoot at a great distance, and with much precision. This Bow he highly prized; but on viewing it attentively, he thought it somewhat too simple, its ornament consisting exclusively in its polish. "What a pity! I will repair to an artist, and order him to carve some figures on my Bow," said the man. He did so; and the artist represented thereon a complete chase;—and what could be more suitable? The man, overjoyed, exclaimed, "You well deserve these embellishments, my excellent Bow!" at the same moment placing the arrow, twang sounded the string, and the Bow—broke!

## MORAL.

Sterling qualities, and energy of character, too often become enervated and useless by an undue regard for external accomplishments.



FABLE CXXVIII.

The Elephant, Jackal, and Hippopotamus.

[From the Senegal Fables.]

COME, sit round the table:  
I think I am able  
To make you all laugh with a Senegal Fable.

I presume, Senegal  
Is known to you all,  
'Tis the Island St. Louis which some people call.

'Tis in Africa, where  
Are the Lion and Bear;  
The Jackal and Elephant also are there.

It likewise is famous  
 For one which they name as  
 The great River Horse, or the Hippopotamus.

A JACKAL, ill fed,  
 To the ELEPHANT said,  
 "Give me something to eat, for I'm almost dead.

"Just lend me a Pig,—  
 I vow, by your wig,  
 I'll return you another three times as big.

"Yes," adds the sly elf,  
 "For that Pig, on your shelf,  
 I'll give you another as big as yourself."

He replied, "I agree,  
 For, betwixt you and me,  
 Such a Pig I should very much like to see.

"So, JACK, I consent."  
 For the Pig as he went,  
 He exclaim'd, "What a profit! Two hundred per cent!"

JACK then took the same course  
 With the great River Horse,  
 And he begg'd and he promis'd with all his force.



“Shall I,” HIPPO said,  
 “With a Pig be repaid,  
 Like myself? Why, sure, such a Pig ne’er was made!

“To my wife what a treasure!  
 My children—what pleasure!  
 Five yards in the girth it will certainly measure!”

At length, came the day  
 For the JACKAL to pay,  
 With creditors both too impatient to stay.

So he went to the den  
 Of the ELEPHANT, then,  
 With a rope, for to draw the Pig out of the pen.

“It is tied to his leg,  
 Wind it over this peg,”  
 Said the JACKAL; “and mind and pull stoutly, I beg.”

Now, I do not pretend  
 His deceit to defend,  
 But immediately then, with the rope’s other end,

To HIPPO he ran,  
 To finish his plan,  
 “Take this!” he exclaim’d; “pull as hard as you can.”

“The beast is immense,  
Behind yonder fence :—  
Good b’ye! you will very soon pull him from thence.”

So he left them together,  
To pull at the tether;  
Warm work near the Line, where ’tis very hot weather.

Both cried, at the charge,  
“’Tis like tugging a barge;  
Good JACKAL, your Pig *is* amazingly large!”

Now each nearer goes  
To the Pig, they suppose,  
’Till the ELEPHANT’S trunk touch’d POPOTAMY’S nose.

“How I wish I’d a stick!”  
Said the ELEPHANT, quick;  
“That knave of a JACKAL has play’d us a trick.”

“No, no!” HIPPO said;  
“By avarice led,  
We both suffer justly. Now let’s go to bed.”



## FABLE CXXIX.

### The Boy and the Filberts.

[FROM EPICTETUS.]

A CERTAIN BOY put his hand into a pitcher, where a great plenty of FIGS and FILBERTS were deposited: he grasped as many as his fist could possibly hold; but when he endeavoured to pull it out, the narrowness of the neck of the pitcher prevented him. Unwilling to lose any of them, yet unable to draw out his hand, he burst into tears, and bitterly bemoaned his hard fortune. An honest fellow, who stood by, gave him this wise and seasonable advice:—"Grasp only half the quantity, my boy, and you will easily succeed."

## FABLE CXXX.

## The Dog, the Fox, and the Cock.

[FROM MOZZEN.]

DISTANT a mile from house or cot,  
By act unknown, or indiscreet ;  
There lay expos'd, on open spot,  
At least a peck of dainty wheat.

The treasure trusty BOUNCE had seen,  
As to the fold he drove the flock ;  
And quick return'd athwart the green,  
With news on't to his fav'rite Cock.

The sky serene, the ev'ning fair,  
The journey short,—a pleasant way ;  
No need of much entreaty there,  
To urge him to secure the prey.

BOUNCE trotted by his feather'd friend ;  
BOUNCE, dog of brave and faithful sort !  
Who never serv'd a dirty end,  
Nor wish'd to shew his face at court.

Arriv'd, at length, where lay the food,  
The Cock, sharp set, fell to with glee ;  
And when he'd cramm'd him whilst he could,  
He flew into a neighb'ring tree.

“ Here,” said he, “ friend, I’ll make my nest,  
Near this good heap, if you agree ;  
At dawn of day I’ll eat the rest,  
And then we’ll trudge it back,—d’ye see ?”

“ Content,” said BOUNCE, “ with all my heart ;  
’Twere shame to lose a meal so fine ;  
At foot of oak’s a hollow part,  
I’ll in, and make the kennel mine.”

Now both were lodg’d, the bird began  
To chaunt to heav’n, in grateful lays,  
For rich repast (Oh ! shame to man !  
All pay but him, the debt of praise).

Lur’d by his notes, a roaming Fox,  
That vainly had been out on chase,  
Came up, and swore, to all the Cocks,  
(And well he knew their noble race,)

To `all the Cocks he ever saw,  
And e’en admit the Capon crew,  
Our Cock, in music, might give law,—  
Nay, even unto mortals, too.

“ You’d beat the public singers all,”  
Said he, “ were you a month with me ;  
Sometimes you pitch too high, and squall ;  
A fault I’d break, as you should see.”

“ And gratis, sir?” “ Ay.” Said the Cock,  
“ We seldom find such friends as you :  
If, at the door below you’ll knock,  
You’ll find some other scholars too.”

Reynard obey’d, and bless’d his fate,  
For there, he thought, the Hens were stow’d ;  
When out leapt Bounce, and seiz’d him straight,—  
The villain’s blood besmear’d the road.





## FABLE CXXXI.

### The Lion, the Bear, and the Fox.

[FROM CROXALL.]

A LION and a BEAR meeting with the carcass of a Fawn, in the forest, agreed to decide their title to it by force of arms. The battle was severe and tough, on both sides; and they held out, tearing and worrying one another, so long, that, what with wounds and fatigue, they were so faint and weary, they were not able to strike another blow. Thus, while they lay upon the ground, panting, and lolling out their tongues, a Fox chanced to pass that way, who, perceiving how the case stood, very impudently stepped in between

them, seized the booty which they had all this while been contending for, and carried it off. The two combatants, who lay and beheld all this, without having strength enough to stir and prevent it, were only wise enough to make this reflection:—"Behold the fruits of our strife and contention! That villain, the Fox, bears away the prize; and we ourselves have deprived each other of the power to recover it from him."

#### MORAL.

When fools quarrel, knaves get the prize of contention.





## FABLE CXXXII.

## The Eagle and the Viper.

PEACE was proclaim'd throughout the air,  
And summer shone unusual fair ;  
The birds and beasts no more engage,  
For Jove subdu'd their hostile rage :  
By his command they now enjoy'd  
What Nature gave, and sense employ'd.  
The magpies chatter'd on the bough,  
And rooks, o'er furrows, watch'd the plough ;  
Young pheasants wander'd through the brake,  
Fearless of foxes, cat, or snake ;  
And lev'rets cropp'd the clover green,  
Though kites were hov'ring,—falcons seen :  
A general joy inspir'd the whole  
With peace, as universal soul.

But, spite of Heav'n's supreme decree,  
The rage of some would not be free ;  
United envy, spleen, and pride,  
Refus'd its peace, and laws defied.  
'Twas not enough that they had ease ;  
They could not smile, and none should please.  
Each bird or beast that yet surviv'd,  
Should feel the anguish they contriv'd ;  
And watch'd, incessant, for the hour,  
To exercise malicious pow'r.

An EAGLE, wearied with his flight  
From Ethiopia's sultry night,  
Where, as ambassador he'd flown,  
Bearing Jove's mandate from the throne ;  
In Nile's cool stream his thirst allay'd,  
And sought repose beneath the shade.

A VIPER near him, crawling round,  
Beneath the leaves that hid the ground,  
Prepared himself, with fatal sting,  
To strike him underneath the wing ;  
Nearest the tender, vital part,  
Where he might soonest reach the heart.  
Oh ! how it glisten'd in his eyes !  
The lucky moment to surprise ;  
While horror gleams, superbly dress'd,  
In brighter scales upon his breast :  
He twin'd around a wither'd bough,  
Which storms had broke, and laid it low,  
That he might dart more certain sting,  
And level with the drooping wing.  
The bough, not steady for his weight,  
Rustling, appriz'd the EAGLE's fate ;  
Who, scarce compos'd, half op'd his eyes,  
And saw, with anger and surprise,  
The baffled VIPER on the plain,  
But menacing to rise again.

“ Ah, wretch !” the rousing EAGLE starts,  
“ Detected in thy murd’rous arts !  
I meant thee well, have brought thee good,  
And sped to save thy kindred’s blood ;  
High Heav’n has sent me to convey  
Peace unto all beneath its sway :  
Felicity is Heav’n’s decree  
To men, and birds, and all but thee :  
Or, such as thee, whose ranc’rous mind  
Poisons each blessing which they find.  
But, hence, eternal war I swear,  
By that dread thunder which I bear,  
Pursuing thee, and all thy race,  
To rid the earth of its disgrace :  
Hawks, kites, and vultures shall combine  
To execute the voice divine.”  
So said, he caught him by the head,  
And, from his talons, dropp’d him dead :  
The strangled body, as it lay,  
To birds became immediate prey.  
The rising EAGLE soar’d above,  
And perch’d upon the hand of Jove.

*The Tentyrites and the Ichneumon.*

[FROM DODSLEY.]

A CROCODILE of prodigious size, and uncommon fierceness, infested the banks of the Nile, and spread desolation through all the neighbouring country. He seized the shepherd, together with the sheep, and devoured the herdsman as well as the cattle. Emboldened by success, and the terror which prevailed wherever he appeared, he ventured to carry his incursions even into the island of Tentyra, and to brave the people, who boast themselves the only tamers of his race. The Tentyrites themselves were struck with horror at the appearance of a monster so much more terrible than they had ever seen before; even the boldest of them dared not to attack him openly; and the most experienced long endeavoured, with all their art and address, to surprise him, but in vain.

As they were consulting together what they should do in these circumstances, an ICHNEUMON stepped forth, and thus addressed them:—I perceive your distress, neighbours; and though I cannot assist you in the present difficulty, yet I can offer you some advice that may be of use to you for the future. A little prudence is worth all your courage: it may be glorious to overcome a great evil, but the wisest way is to prevent it.

You despise the CROCODILE while he is small and weak ; and do not sufficiently consider, that he is a long-lived animal, so it is his peculiar property to grow as long as he lives. You see I am a poor, little, feeble creature ; yet am I much more terrible to the CROCODILE, and more useful to the country, than you are. I attack him in the egg ; and, while you are contriving, for months together, how to get the better of one CROCODILE, and all to no purpose, I effectually destroy fifty of them in a day.

## MORAL.

This Fable, dear boys, is intended to show  
The danger of suff'ring ill habits to grow ;  
For the vice of a week may be conquer'd, 'tis clear  
Much easier than if it went on for a year.



## FABLE CXXXIV.

*The Butterfly and the Lamp*

[From the Senegal Fables.]

I'M about to tell a story  
 Of a BUTTERFLY, who died,  
 A victim to his insolence,  
 His carelessness and pride ;  
 But, remember, 'twas in Senegal,  
 Where BUTTERFLIES, perhaps,  
 Being never taught humility,  
 Are haughty little chaps.  
 The BUTTERFLIES of England,  
 I hope, are better bred,  
 And act more kindly tow'rd the poor,  
 By whose labour they are fed ;  
 Our BUTTERFLIES have rosy cheeks,  
 Bright eyes, and flowing curls :—  
 I am joking with my readers,  
 And mean little boys and girls.  
 This creature's wings were deck'd in all  
 The rainbow's splendid hues,  
 And, therefore, 'twas too proud, on earth  
 Its company to choose :  
 It needed some kind schoolmaster  
 Its little back to drub,  
 As it seem'd to have forgotten  
 It was, once, itself a grub.

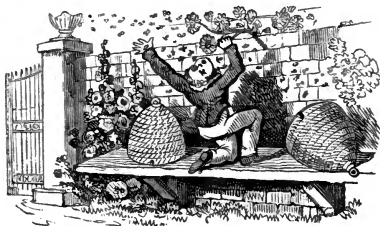
“Ye creeping ants! ye crawling worms!”

It cried, with silly scorn,  
While you to drag a weary life  
On earth, were only born.

Behold me sip, from flow’r to flow’r,  
The sweets of each parterre;  
I scorn the earth, I skim the clouds,  
And revel in the air.

Behold yon glorious, splendid orb,  
Beyond your grov’ling sight,  
To travel to its brilliant sphere,  
Is but my morning’s flight.”

And now, to the pretended sun,  
Most eager to decamp,  
She dies, unpitied, scorch’d to death  
Within the glowing LAMP.



## FABLE CXXXV.

## The Lion and the Gnat.

[From the German of LESSING.]

THE leader of a busy swarm of GNATS discovered, one day, in the course of his flight, a LION fatigued with the toils of the chase, reposing in a sound slumber. "Look, my brethren!" exclaimed the GNAT to the crowd of insects around; "the LION is asleep. I will punish him; he shall bleed, the tyrant!"

So saying, the GNAT boldly alighted on the LION's tail, and stinging it, flew away, proud of the laurels it had reaped by so daring an exploit. Venturing another look: "The LION does not move," he resumed. "Is he dead? if so, it is I who have freed the woods from the despot! See, my friends, he whom the tiger dreads is fallen by my sting. We must proceed, and boldly despatch more of our enemies; a happy beginning is every thing!"

In the midst of this boasting, and while all were busily anticipating future triumphs, the careless and unconscious LION awoke, refreshed from his slumber, and resumed his search after his prey.





FABLE CXXXVI.

*The Father and Jupiter.*

[FROM GAY.]

A Man to Jove his suit preferr'd ;  
He begg'd a wife ; his prayer was heard :  
A wife he takes ; and now for heirs  
Again he worries heaven with prayers.  
Jove nods assent : two hopeful boys,  
And a fine girl, reward his joys.

Now more solicitous he grew,  
And set their future lives in view ;

He saw that all respect and duty  
Were paid to wealth, to power, and beauty.

“Once more,” he cries, “accept my prayer ;  
Make my lov'd progeny thy care.  
Let my first hope, my fav'rite boy,  
All fortune's richest gifts enjoy.  
My next, with strong ambition fire ;  
May favour teach him to aspire ;  
Till he the step of power ascend,  
And courtiers to their idol bend.  
With ev'ry grace, with ev'ry charm,  
My daughter's perfect features arm ;  
If Heaven approve, a FATHER's bless'd :”  
Jove smiles, and grants his full request.

The first, a miser at the heart,  
Studious of ev'ry griping art,  
Heaps hoards on hoards, with anxious pain ;  
And all his life devotes to gain.  
He feels no joy, his cares increase,  
He neither wakes nor sleeps in peace ;  
In fancied want (a wretch complete)  
He starves, and yet he dares not eat.

The next to sudden honours grew :  
The thriving art of courts he knew :  
He reach'd the height of power and place ;  
Then fell, the victim of disgrace.

Beauty with early bloom supplies  
His daughter's cheek, and points her eyes.  
The vain coquette each suit disdains,  
And glories in her lover's pains.  
With age she fades, each lover flies,  
Contemn'd, forlorn, she pines and dies.

When Jove the FATHER's grief survey'd,  
And heard him heav'n and fate upbraid,  
Thus spoke the God :—" By outward show,  
Men judge of happiness and woe :  
Shall ignorance of good and ill  
Dare to direct th' eternal will ?"

MORAL.

If heav'n should always grant what we think best,  
We should be ruin'd by our own request.

## FABLE CXXXVII.

*The Viper and the File.*

[FROM LA FONTAINE.]

A VIPER chanc'd his head to pop  
 Into a neighb'ring blacksmith's shop ;  
 Long near the place had he been lurking,  
 And staid till past the hours for working.  
 As with keen eyes he glanc'd around  
 In search of food, a FILE he found ;  
 Of meats he saw no single item,  
 Which tempted hungry jaws to bite 'em ;  
 So, with his fangs, the eager fool  
 Attack'd the rough, impassive tool ;  
 And whilst his wounded palate bled,  
 Fancied on foreign gore he fed.

When thus the FILE retorted coolly :—  
 “VIPER ! this work's ingenious, truly !  
 No more those idle efforts try ;  
 Proof 'gainst assaults like yours am I.  
 On me you'd fracture ev'ry bone ;  
 I feel the teeth of time alone.”



## FABLE CXXXVIII.

### The Pin and the Needle.

[From GAY.]

A PIN, who long had serv'd a beauty,  
Proficient in the toilet's duty,  
And form'd her sleeve, confin'd her hair,  
Or giv'n her knot a smarter air ;  
Now nearest to her heart was plac'd,  
Now in her mantua's tail disgrac'd ;  
At length, from all her honours cast,  
Through various turns of life she pass'd ;  
Now glitter'd on a tailor's arm,  
Now kept a beggar's infant warm ;

Now rang'd within a miser's coat,  
Contributes to his yearly groat ;  
Now rais'd again from low approach,  
She visits in the doctor's coach ;  
Here, there, by various fortune toss'd,  
In a museum at last was lost.  
Charm'd with the wonders of the show,  
On ev'ry side, above, below,  
She now of this or that inquires ;  
What least was understood admires.

“ And pray, what's this, and this, dear sir ?”  
“ A NEEDLE,” says th' Interpreter.  
She knew the name ; and thus the fool  
Address'd her as a tailor's tool :—

“ A NEEDLE, with that filthy stone,  
Quite idle, all with rust o'ergrown !  
You better might employ your parts,  
And aid the sempstress in her arts.  
But tell me how the friendship grew  
Between that paltry flint and you ?”

“ Friend,” says the NEEDLE, “ cease to blame ;  
I follow real worth and fame.  
Know'st thou the loadstone's pow'r and art,  
That virtue virtues can impart ?  
Of all his talents I partake,  
Who, then, can such a friend forsake ?

'Tis I direct the pilot's hand,  
To shun the rocks and treach'rous sand;  
By me the distant world is known,  
And either India is our own.  
Had I with milliners been bred,  
What had I been? the guide of thread;  
And drudg'd as vulgar NEEDLES do,  
Of no more consequence than you."

## MORAL.

That is only valuable which is useful.



## FABLE CXXXIX.

## The Boy and the Butterfly.

[From DODSLEY.]

A BOY, greatly smitten with the colours of a BUTTERFLY, pursued it from flower to flower with indefatigable pains. First, he aimed to surprise it among the leaves of a rose ; then to cover it with his hat, as it was feeding on a daisy ; now hoped to secure it, as it rested on a sprig of myrtle ; and now grew sure of his prize, perceiving it loiter on a bed of violets. But the fickle FLY, continually changing one blossom for another, still eluded his attempts. At length, observing it half buried in the cup of a tulip, he rushed forward, and snatching it with violence, crushed it all to pieces.

## MORAL.

Pleasure, like the BUTTERFLY,  
Will still elude as we draw nigh ;  
And when we think we hold it fast,  
Will, like the insect, breathe its last.





## FABLE CXL.

### The Goat without a Beard.

[From GAY.]

A GOAT (as vain as Goat can be)  
Affected singularity :  
Whene'er a thymy bank he found,  
He roll'd upon the fragrant ground ;  
And then, with fond attention, stood,  
Fix'd o'er his image in the flood.

“ I hate my frowsy beard,” he cries,  
“ My youth is lost in this disguise.”

Resolv'd to smooth his shaggy face,  
He sought the barber of the place.  
A flippant Monkey, spruce and smart,  
Hard by, profess'd the dapper art ;  
His pole with pewter basons hung ;  
Black, rotten teeth, in order strung ;  
Rang'd cups, that in the window stood,  
Lin'd with red rags, to look like blood ;  
Did well his threefold trade explain,  
Who shav'd, drew teeth, and breath'd a vein.

The GOAT he welcomes with an air,  
And seats him in his wooden chair ;  
Mouth, nose, and cheek, the lather hides ;  
Light, smooth, and swift, the razor glides.

" I hope your custom, sir," says Pug ;  
" Sure, never face was half so smug !"

The GOAT, impatient of applause,  
Swift to the neighb'ring hill withdraws ;  
The shaggy people grinn'd and star'd :

" Heyday ! what's here ? without a beard !  
Say, brother, whence the dire disgrace ?  
What envious hand hath robb'd your face ?"

When thus the fop, with smiles of scorn :  
" Are beards by civil nations worn ?  
Ev'n Muscovites have mow'd their chins ;  
Shall we, like formal Capuchins,

Stubborn in pride, retain the mode,  
And bear about the hairy load ;  
Whene'er we through the village stray,  
Are we not mock'd along the way ;  
Insulted with loud shouts of scorn,  
By boys our beards disgrac'd and torn ?”

“ Were you no more with GOATS to dwell,  
Brother, I grant you reason well,”  
Replies a bearded chief ; “ beside,  
If boys can mortify thy pride,  
How wilt thou stand the ridicule  
Of our whole flock ? Affected fool !  
Coxcombs distinguish'd from the rest,  
To all but coxcombs are a jest.”



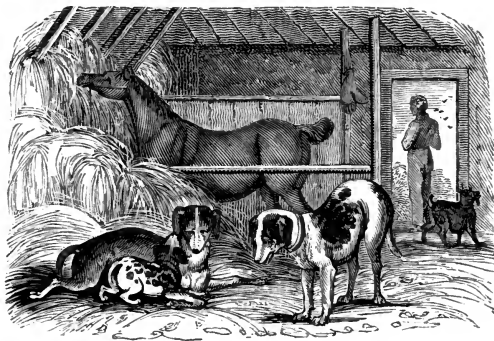
## FABLE CXLI.

## The Goose and the Parrot.

[From the Dutch.]

A GOOSE, who, with care and trouble, but in the full enjoyment of liberty, got her food in the water and on land, and was grown fat with it, became, nevertheless, dissatisfied with that way of life, on seeing, by accident, in a great man's house, a PARROT, hanging in a gilt cage, who was plentifully fed with wine-sops and other delicacies, and drank his fill of the best liquors.

She, therefore, stirred up all the Geese of her family, to go in search of so desirable a change; and they, encouraged by her persuasions, went to court with her, and there suffered themselves to be taken. The common GEESE were distributed among the particular courtiers; but she, as their chief, was brought to the king, who caused her to be put into a cage, and gave orders that she should be fed as the PARROT was, but on condition that she should learn to talk like him; and that if she were negligent in learning, she should be put to death. But when she found herself in the cage, and the door shut upon her, she began to reflect that she was a prisoner, and that she was wholly incapable of learning to talk like a PARROT; from whence she concluded, that she should soon be detected:—the fear of which so preyed upon her, that she fretted herself to death.



FABLE CXLII.

The Little Puppy.

[Original.]

THERE was a little noisy thing,  
    (I do not know its name)  
A little PUPPY, fat and fair,  
    And frolicsome and tame :

'Tis true, it never used to bite ;  
    But, then, it made a noise ;  
And always seem'd in fidgets,  
    Like unruly little boys.

Its silly mother, fond to see  
The frolics of her child,  
Thought it quite entertaining  
He should be a little wild.

She let him climb upon her back,  
And bite her by the ear ;  
She curb'd him not, but only said  
“ Be quiet ;—there's a dear.”

The PUPPY had an uncle,  
A sober, quiet dog,  
Who said, “ I wish that urchin  
Had a muzzle or a clog :

Dear sister, if you don't, in time,  
Your little pet restrain,  
Your visitors will quit your house,  
And never come again.

You let him tumble you about,  
Jump up, and knock you down ;  
You laugh at all his rudeness,  
When you rather ought to frown.

I think it right to laugh and romp,  
When by yourselves at home ;  
But you should check the little brat,  
When other people come.”

He went away; the mother cried,  
“Your uncle’s very cross;  
But, bless me! here are visitors:  
Good morning, Mr. Horse.

My worthy neighbour, Billy Goat,  
And Mrs. Goose behind;  
Come in, I’m glad to see you all;  
Now this is very kind.”

The uncle’s prudent caution was,  
It seems, of no avail;  
The PUPPY jump’d about the Horse,  
And twitch’d him by the tail.

He nearly sprain’d the Goose’s leg,  
(Such pranks were never heard,)  
And then ran barking to the Goat,  
And pull’d him by the beard.

Politeness made them bear it *once*,  
But when it was renew’d,  
They thought the PUPPY’s conduct  
Was insufferably rude:

The Horse’s kick, Goat Billy’s horn,  
And from the Goose a bite,  
Soon sent him yelping from the place;  
I think they served him right.

The PUPPY's mother frown'd, and said,  
" Dear Mr. Horse, I fear  
You are not fond of young folks,  
As you snub my little dear."

The Horse replied, " Why, really, ma'am,  
I do not like them rude ;  
But I love them very dearly, ma'am,  
When well-behaved and good."

## MORAL.

Now that is what I say myself,  
And many think with me ;  
'Tis sweet to sport with children,  
But we likewise love to see,  
That they can shew good manners  
In the parlour or at table ;  
And I hope my youthful readers all  
Will profit by my Fable.





## FABLE CXLIII.

## The Farmer, Wolf, Fox, and Hare.

[From DODSLEY.]

A WOLF, a Fox, and a HARE, happened, one evening, to be foraging in different parts of a FARMER's yard. Their first effort was pretty successful; and they returned in safety to their several quarters: however, not so secretly as to be unperceived by the FARMER's watchful eye; who, placing several kinds of snares, made each his prisoner in the next attempt.

He first took the HARE to task, who confessed she had eaten a few turnip-tops, merely to satisfy her hunger; besought him piteously to spare her life, and promised never to enter his grounds again.

He then accosted the Fox, who, in a fawning, obsequious tone, protested that he came into his premises through no other motive than pure good-will, to restrain the HARES, and other vermin, from the plunder of his corn; and that he had too great a regard both for him and for justice to be in the least capable of any dishonest action.

He last of all examined the WOLF; what business brought him within the purlieus of a FARMER's yard? The WOLF very impudently declared, it was with a view of destroying his Lambs, to which he had an undoubted right: that the FARMER himself was the only felon, who

robbed the community of WOLVES of what was meant to be their proper food. That this, at least, was his opinion; and whatever fate attended him, he should not scruple to risk his life in the pursuit of his lawful prey.

The FARMER, having heard their pleas, determined the cause in the following manner:—"The HARE," said he, "deserves compassion, for the penitence she shows, and the humble confession she has made:—As for the FOX and WOLF, let them be hanged together; criminals alike with respect to the fact, they have heightened their equal guilt by their hypocrisy and impudence.

#### MORAL.

Humility extenuates offence, but hypocrisy and impudence aggravate it.



## FABLE CXLIV.

### The Lion and the Cub.

[From GAY.]

A LION-CUB, of sordid mind,  
Avoided all the LION kind ;  
Fond of applause, he sought the feasts  
Of vulgar and ignoble beasts :  
With Asses all his time he spent,  
Their club's perpetual president.  
He caught their manners, looks, and airs ;  
An Ass in every thing but ears.  
If e'er his highness meant a joke ,  
They grinn'd applause before he spoke ;

But, at each word, what shouts of praise !  
Ye gods ! how natural he brays !

Elate with flatt'ry and conceit,  
He seeks his royal sire's retreat :  
Forward and fond to show his parts,`  
His highness brays ;— the LION starts.

“ Thou fool ! that curs'd vociferation  
Betrays thy life and conversation :  
Coxcombs, an ever-noisy race,  
Are trumpets of their own disgrace.”

“ Why so severe ?” the CUB replies ;  
“ Our senate always held me wise.”

“ How weak is pride !” returns the sire ;  
All fools are vain, when fools admire !  
But know, what stupid Asses prize,  
LIONS and noble beasts despise.”

#### MORAL.

How fond are those of rule and place,  
Who court it from the mean and base !  
They cannot bear an equal nigh,  
But from superior merit fly.

## FABLE CXLV.

## The Cat, the Cock, and the Young Mouse.

[FROM DODSLEY.]

A YOUNG MOUSE, that had seen very little of the world, came running, one day, to his mother in great haste : —“ Oh ! mother,” said he, “ I am frightened almost to death ! I have seen the most extraordinary creature that ever was. He has a fierce, angry look, and struts about upon two legs ; a strange piece of flesh grows on his head, and another under his throat, as red as blood : he flapped his arms against his sides, as if he intended to rise into the air ; and stretching out his head, he opened a sharp-pointed mouth so wide, that I thought he was preparing to swallow me up : then he roared at me so horribly, that I trembled every joint, and was glad to run home as fast as I could. If I had not been frightened away by this terrible monster, I was just going to commence an acquaintance with the prettiest creature you ever saw. She had a soft fur skin, thicker than ours, and all beautifully streaked with black and grey ; with a modest look, and a demeanour so humble and courteous, that methought I could have fallen in love with her. Then she had a fine long tail, which she waved about so prettily, and looked so earnestly at me, that I do believe she was just going to speak to me, when the horrid monster frightened me away.”

“ Ah, my dear child !” said the mother, “ you have escaped being devoured, but not by that monster you was so much afraid of ; which, in truth, was only a bird, and would have done you no manner of harm. Whereas, the sweet creature, of whom you seem so fond, was no other than a CAT ; who, under that hypocritical countenance, conceals the most inveterate hatred to all our race, and subsists entirely by devouring Mice. Learn from this incident, my dear, never, while you live, to rely on outward appearances.”

MORAL.

Beneath a fair, alluring guise,  
A hidden danger often lies.



## FABLE CXLVI.

## The Hare and the Tortoise.

[From LLOYD.]

A FORWARD HARE, of swiftness vain,  
 The genius of the neighb'ring plain,  
 Would oft deride the drudging crowd,  
 For geniuses are ever proud.  
 He'd boast his flight;—'twere vain to follow,  
 For dog and horse,—he'd beat them hollow;  
 Nay, if he put forth all his strength,  
 Outstrip his brethren half a length.

A TORTOISE heard his vain oration,  
 And vented thus his indignation:—  
 "Oh! Puss! it bodes thee dire disgrace,  
 When I defy thee to the race.  
 Come, 'tis a match,—nay, no denial;  
 I'll lay my shell upon the trial."  
 'Twas done and done! all fair,—a bet;  
 Judges prepared, and distance set.  
 The scampering HARE outstripp'd the wind;  
 The creeping TORTOISE 'lagg'd behind,  
 And scarce had passed a single pole,  
 When Puss had almost reach'd the goal.

"Friend TORTOISE," quoth the jeering HARE,  
 "Your burthen's more than you can bear;

To help your speed, it were as well  
That I should ease you of your shell.  
Step on a little faster, pr'ythee;  
I'll take a nap, and then be with thee."  
The TORTOISE heard his taunting jeer,  
But still resolved to persevere;  
On to the goal securely crept,  
While Puss, unknowing, soundly slept.  
The bets were won, the HARE awoke,  
When thus the victor TORTOISE spoke:—  
"Puss, though I own thy quicker parts,  
Things are not always done by starts;  
You may deride my awkward pace,  
But slow and steady win the race."





## FABLE CXLVII.

## The Youth and the Philosopher.

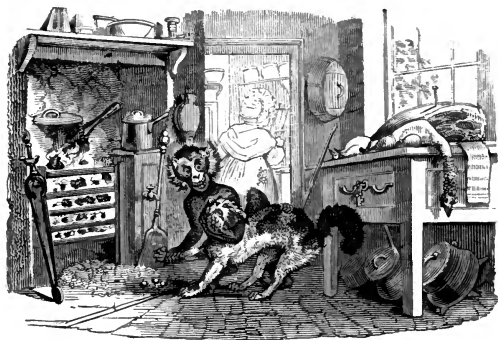
[ FROM WHITEHEAD.]

A GRECIAN YOUTH, of talents rare,  
Whom Plato's philosophic care  
Had form'd for virtue's nobler view,  
By precept and example too,  
Would often boast his matchless skill,  
To curb the steed, and guide the wheel ;  
And as he pass'd the gazing throng,  
With graceful ease, and smack'd the thong,  
The idiot wonder they express'd,  
Was praise and transport to his breast.

At length, quite vain, he needs would shew  
His master what his art could do ;  
And bade his slaves the chariot lead  
To Academus' sacred shade.  
The trembling grove confess'd its fright ;  
The wood-nymphs started at the sight ;  
The muses dropp'd the learned lyre,  
And to their inmost shades retire.  
Howe'er, the YOUTH, with forward air,  
Bows to the sage, and mounts the car,  
The lash resounds, the coursers spring,  
The chariot marks the rolling ring ;

And gath'ring crowds, with eager eyes,  
And shouts, pursue him as he flies.

Triumphant to the goal return'd,  
With nobler thirst his bosom burn'd ;  
And now along the indented plain,  
The self-same track he marks again ;  
Pursues, with care, the nice design,  
Nor ever deviates from the line.  
Amazement seiz'd the circling crowd ;  
The youths with emulation glow'd ;  
E'en bearded sages hail'd the boy ;  
And all but Plato gaz'd with joy.  
For he, deep-judging sage, beheld,  
With pain, the triumphs of the field ;  
And when the charioteer drew nigh,  
And, flush'd with hope, had caught his eye ;  
" Alas ! unhappy youth," he cried,  
" Expect no praise from me" and sigh'd.  
" With indignation I survey  
Such skill and judgment thrown away :  
The time profusely squander'd there,  
On vulgar arts beneath thy care,  
If well employ'd, at less expense,  
Had taught thee honour, virtue, sense ;  
And rais'd thee from a coachman's fate,  
To govern men and guide the state."



## FABLE CXLVIII.

### The Monkey and the Cat.

[FROM LA FONTAINE.]

AN APE and CAT, in roguery and fun

Sworn brothers twain, both own'd a common master ;  
Whatever mischief in the house was done,

By Pug and Tom contriv'd was each disaster.  
The feat perform'd, in chimney corner snug,  
With face demure, sat cunning Tom and Pug.

By Tom were mice and rats but rarely taken ;  
A duck or chicken better met his wishes ;  
More than the rats Tom gnaw'd the cheese and bacon.

'Twas Pug's delight to break the china dishes ;  
And on the choicest viands oft a guttler,  
Still made it seem the footman or the butler.

One winter's day, was seen this hopeful pair,  
Close to the kitchen-fire, as usual, posted;  
Amongst the red-hot coals the cook, with care,  
Had plac'd some nice plump chesnuts to be roasted,  
From whence, in smoke, a pungent odour rose,  
Whose oily fragrance struck the MONKEY's nose.

"Tom!" says sly Pug, "pray, could not you and I  
Share this dessert the cook is pleas'd to cater?  
Had I such claws as yours, I'd quickly try;  
Lend me a hand,—'twill be a *coup-de-maitre*:"  
So said, he seiz'd his colleague's ready paw,  
Pull'd out the fruit, and cramm'd it in his jaw.

Now came the shining priestess of the fane,  
And off in haste the two marauders scamper'd.  
Tom, for his share of plunder had the pain;  
Whilst Pug his palate with the dainties pamper'd.  
Pug had the prize; Tom gain'd, at least, the learning,  
That Pug lov'd nuts, and gave his friend the burning.



## FABLE CXLIX.

### The Trouts and the Gudgeon.

A FISHERMAN, in the month of May, was angling with an artificial fly. He threw his bait with so much skill, that a young TROUT was rushing towards it, when she was prevented by her mother. “Never,” said she, “my child, be too precipitate, where there is a possibility of danger. Take due time to consider, before you risk an action that may be fatal. How know you, whether yon appearance be indeed a fly, or the snare of an enemy? Let some one else make the experiment before you. If it be a fly, he, very probably,

will elude the first attack; and the second may be made, if not with success, at least with safety." She had no sooner uttered this caution, than a GUDGEON seized upon the pretended fly, and became an example to the giddy daughter, of the great importance of her mother's counsel.

MORAL.

In early youth, ere cautious doubts arise,  
Each glittering bait appears a golden prize :—  
Ah! happy he, who, wise before too late,  
Can draw a lesson from another's fate.





FABLE CL.

**The Man and his Coat.**

[From the Polish of KRASICKI.]

A MAN beat his COAT

Now and then with a cane ;  
And, astonish'd, one morning,  
He heard it complain :

“ Ungratefully treated !  
My fortune is hard !  
To beat me, dear master !  
Is this my reward ? ”

“ I beat you ! ” he answer'd,  
“ The charge is unjust :  
I but gently endeavour  
To take out the dust.

The means I make use of  
To you may seem hard,  
But it does not diminish  
For you my regard ;

My boy, whom I dote on  
More fondly than you,  
I beat *him* now and then,  
For the same reason too.

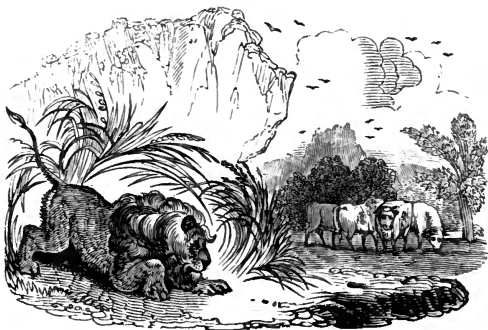
The faults that, in childhood,  
'Tis right to repress,  
Are like dust, or slight stains,  
On a beautiful dress :

A little exertion  
Will soon work a cure,  
And will make both more lovely,  
More worthy, more pure."

Though this Fable is good,  
Yet I never will blush,  
To say, *I* prefer dusting  
*My* COAT with a brush.

To most of my readers,  
I need not explain,  
*Advice* is the brush  
I prefer to the cane.





## FABLE CLI.

### The Lion and the Bulls.

[Paraphrased from Esop.]

FOUR BULLS within a forest fed,  
And very pleasant lives they led ;  
What one proposed, obtain'd consent ;  
And all were happy and content.

A LION in the forest dwelt,  
And much propensity he felt  
To eat them up,—for, to be brief,  
He was extremely fond of beef.

Though much he long'd, what could he do?  
He thought he soon could conquer two;  
But well he knew, 'twas rather more  
Than he dare try, to combat four.

At length, he form'd an easy plan  
These true companions to trepan :  
To part them all,—when this was done,  
He might devour them one by one.

An artful Jackal he employ'd,  
Who soon their confidence destroy'd;  
Creating jealousy and strife,  
Alas! the banes of social life.

The foolish BULLS, who long had found  
In peace what true delights abound,  
The subtle slanderer believ'd,  
And thus were fatally deceiv'd.

Distrustful all, no more they met;  
Their bond of friendship they forget;  
Alas! when friendship's tie gave way,  
The LION found an easy prey.

#### MORAL.

'Tis thus that friends too often find  
The selfish efforts of mankind.  
Then take advice :—in youth be wise ;—  
Slander suspect,—sweet friendship prize.

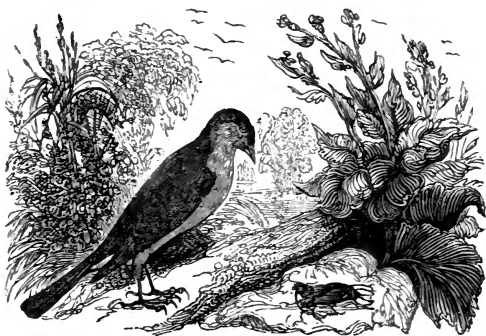
## FABLE CLII.

**The Goldfinch and her Master.**

[From the Dutch.]

A GOLDFINCH, whom her master had long kept in a cage, and fed with great care, found once the door of the cage open, and immediately flew into the open air. Her master, who happened to see her perched upon a tree, put her in mind how carefully and plentifully he had fed her, and what a scanty livelihood she would get abroad, especially in the winter, when all the woods and fields are covered with snow, and all the waters frozen up, so that then she would not know where to creep, to preserve herself from hunger, thirst, and cold : he, therefore, promised her that he would take as much, nay, more care of her than he had done before, provided she would fly back into her cage, and sing to him as she was wont to do.

But the bird answered :—" That she had no reason to complain of his treatment ; but that she should never think herself happy, while her good or ill fortune depended only on the care or neglect of a master ; because she could never be so well assured of his love to her, as she was of her own to herself. That, therefore, she had much rather live abroad, out of the cage, at liberty, than be subject, as she must be in the cage, to the love or hate of another."



FABLE CLIII.

The Cricket and the Nightingale.

[From the German of LESSING.]

THE CRICKET to the NIGHTINGALE  
Once boasted of his song ;  
(An insect, who the same dull chirp  
Repeats the whole day long !)  
A boast like that, before a bird  
Of harmony the queen !  
One wonders how the noisy fright  
So foolish could have been.

“ I do not want admirers,”  
Said the little silly thing ;  
For many folks, in harvest time,  
Will stop to hear me sing.  
I do not want admirers,  
And many come from far.”  
The NIGHTINGALE said :—“ Little one,  
Pray tell me who they are.”

“ The reapers of the corn-field, sir ;  
And, surely, you’ll allow,”  
Said the CRICKET, “ in a country  
So dependent on the plough,  
They are most important people.”  
“ Very true,” replied the bird ;  
“ But of their taste for music,  
I confess, I never heard.

The reapers and the labourers,  
With ev’ry working class,  
Have their worth and their abilities,  
No songster can surpass :  
To these they should confine themselves,  
Nor aim beyond their sphere ;  
They well can judge of what they *do*,  
But not of what they *hear*.

So take advice, my little friend,  
In future be not vain ;  
Nor anxious the applauses  
Of the ignorant to gain.  
Your music, for a CRICKET's,  
Is the best I ever knew ;  
But it is not *quite* a NIGHTINGALE's."  
And so away she flew.





